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MY HEART IS THINE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

When Spring's first violet on the gale
Her tender perfume flings;
When, deep in some sequester'd vale,
The thrush his love-tale sings;
When all bright things of earth and sky
In hymns of praise combine—
One song, one pray'r, alone breathe I:
"Sweet love, wilt thou be mine?"

When from the woodland still and lone,
Through the long Summer night,
Sad Philomel's impassion'd tone
Thrills with love's deep delight;
When, steep'd in balmiest breath of June,
The earth seems half divine,
No change know I in words or tune,
But sing: "Wilt thou be mine?"

When Autumn's red and Autumn's gold
Paint wood and wold and hill;
When Winter nights grow drear and cold,
Love, I am changeless still.
Though violets wither, roses fade,
Love's calendar and mine
Mark Summer still in sun and shade,
And still my heart is thine!

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN CONRAD WINS.

Letty staggered back as if overcome with deep feeling, and stood supporting herself by the balustrade of the stairway, her face utterly colorless.

"Oh! why did he force me to do this?" she cried, with fierce emotion. "I have avoided him. I have denied myself to him. God knows I did not wish to act this treacherous part, even to save my country! But he would have it. He forced me to see him, to deceive him. It is not love. It was licentiousness, not love, that burned in his eyes. He could not hide his soul from me. I hate myself that I could yield to the arms and bear the kisses of such a man. But it is my country, my country! It is in danger! Our army, our brave fellows who are giving their lives for liberty, are threatened! I would lie, cheat, act the traitor a thousand times to save them, and to drive the minions of a hatred King from our oppressed shores. This night, he said. There is not an hour to lose. Washington must be warned, and I must warn him. I shall trust this perilous tidings to no chance of failure."

Within an hour she was mounted on the best horse in her father's stable and riding furiously north. The American camp was about six miles distant, and the daring equestrienne burst into it like an avalanche, guiltless of pass-words, and heedless of sentries' challenge. The astonished soldiers looked wonderingly after this daring woman, who had entered their camp with such wild disregard of military etiquette.

But Letty was filled to madness with the greatness of her tidings, and poured it into Washington's ears with such fiery vehemence, that he was quite carried away with her energy of emotion.

She was not out of the camp again on her slower ride home, ere the note of busy preparation was struck, and for the next few hours the whole line was alive with the turmoil of defensive movements.

That night the British army marched out from Philadelphia, and went rapidly north, capturing every one who could have carried forward information, confident of finding their foe sleeping in listless security.

What then was their surprise to find the lines of the Americans drawn up in full array to meet them, earthworks bristling with cannon, the glitter of musketry flashing defiance along the whole line?

Army faced army in the gloom of the early morning waiting for the first shot that should be the signal to the horrors of battle.

The chagrin of the British commanders was extreme on perceiving the American preparations to receive them.

Howe was furious at the treachery which must have revealed his well-laid plans to the enemy, and it was with no gentle spirit that he ordered a retreat after an insignificant skirmish as the sole result of his threatening advance.

On the 8th of December they reached the city on their return march, weary, dispirited, and furious at their failure.

It was in the afternoon of the 8th, that Captain Collins rode up alone to the front of Snyder's, splashed and travel-stained, and the gayety quite taken out of his showy uniform.

There was a deep frown upon his face as he asked in a peremptory voice to see Letty.

The young lady did not keep him waiting on this occasion, but immediately appeared in answer to his summons.

There was an enigmatical smile on her features as she bade him welcome in her most cheerful tone.

"But, Captain, where in the world have you been?" she asked surprisedly. "I never saw you look so generally used up. You will want a week's brushing."

The frown deepened upon his face at her words.

"I have come to question you," he fiercely replied, "but no—not to question. No question is needed. You, and none but you, have been the traitor who sold our plans to the rebels. And how? how, girl?" he cried, seizing her wrist. "Under the guise of love. You have sold me with your lips upon mine in treacherous kisses. My God, that I could have been such a fool!"

Her reply was to wrench her wrist from his grasp with a strength greater than his own, and to draw up her form indignantly before him.

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaimed. "You call me traitor. Traitor to whom? I owe no allegiance to the English army or the English King. You are over-hasty in leaping to conclusions. It would have been well to have proof that I revealed your plot, before thus hotly accusing me."

"Proof? There is proof enough!" he cried, in reply. "There were not two officers besides myself in the army who knew of the movement. I, idiot that I was! sold my faith for a siren's kiss, and have been justly punished."

"And I—base and weak that I was—listened to the words of a licentious deceiver," she scornfully replied. "Not a word, sir. I saw your soul in your eyes. I read you, and have punished you as you deserved for your base thoughts."

"By Heavens, woman!" he cried, in a hot rage, "it is your turn to be punished now. You have confessed your treason, acknowledged that your tongue sold our plans to the rebels. General Howe shall be informed of this, and—"

"And of how I became possessed of such interesting information," she interrupted, with a mocking smile. "He will be glad to know how kind Captain Collins was to the poor innkeeper's daughter."

Her angry accuser became red and pale by turns as he caught the sense of her words, and saw into what a trap he had fallen. Letty could well afford to laugh at and defy him when she had the power to point him out as the real traitor.

"But," he stammered in confusion, "You would not dare——"

"I would dare anything!" she sternly replied. "Do not use such words to me. This I will say that I have no intention of making further use of your information. I have saved my country from a grave peril. That is enough. I do not wish to harm Captain Collins, for whom I must acknowledge a remnant of kindly feeling."

"You have wronged me, Letty," he earnestly replied. "I was not so base as you imagined. I loved you honorably, not licentiously."

"And would have made me your wife?"

"I would," he replied, with a slight hesitation.

"I thank you for the offer, my dear sir," was her cold answer. "But there is another gentleman who wears a captain's uniform, and in a service I like better than yours, who has done me the honor to make the same offer."

"And been accepted?" he exclaimed. "I know him, this Captain Conrad, and swear eternal feud against him. If I cannot, he shall not, have you. My sword shall decide the question of our rivalry."

He was walking fiercely from the room when her voice detained him. An impulse of fear for Captain Conrad had come upon her at his fiery threat. It was with perfect coolness, however, that she said:

"You have been kind enough to accept me for him. Captain Conrad has had no such assurance from myself. I am in no such haste to pledge my hand to any of you fire-eating soldiers."

"Then there is hope for me?" he said, turning suddenly.

"I am over young to marry yet," she archly replied. "I promised you that when the British forces conquered the Americans, and gave this country back again to the King, their master, that I would give a favorable answer to your suit. I withdraw nothing I have said. I have been false to you. I owe you this reparation."

"And if we fail?" he asked doubtfully.

"Yes, if they fail?" asked a strong, stern voice at the door. "What then, Letty Snyder?"

An exclamation, that was half a scream, broke from her as she looked into the bearded face of Captain Conrad.

"You here!" she murmured.

"We await your answer," he coldly replied. "What if the British fail? What if we drive them out of Philadelphia?"

"On the day in which Philadelphia is evacuated this hand is yours," she answered, laying her hand in his, and looking into his face with an expression that made his heart throb with joy.

"We shall settle the question of rivalry before that," cried the British captain, "draw and defend yourself. You shall both learn that an English gentleman is not to be treated with open scorn."

His naked sword added significance to the fury of his words.

Captain Conrad faced him with a look that awed him, furious as he was.

"I neither threaten nor fight in the presence of a woman," he said.

A sudden flush of shame came to the face of the Briton as he heard these grave words.

"I beg you to forgive me," he said to Letty, as he hastily sheathed his sword. "I did, indeed, forget myself, as no gentleman should have done."

He turned to pass through the open door, saying as he did so, with a significant glance at his rival:

"We shall meet again."

"Not that way, Captain," said the other, coolly. "My dragoons are out there. You will be kind enough to hand me that sword which you were just now so anxious to use upon me, and yield yourself my prisoner."

"Never!" was the furious reply. "I will die first! Bring in your dragoons. I fear them not!"

His sword was again in his hand. He backed into a corner of the room as if for defence.

Letty, who had been silent for several minutes, now stepped forward.

"Put up your sword, Captain Collins," she said, in a mild but firm voice. "You are my guest, and no harm shall come to you. And you, Captain Conrad, remember where you are, and that I command here. Withdraw your soldiers, sir. Captain Collins shall leave here unmolested."

The American officer looked for a moment irresolutely upon her sparkling eyes and compressed lips.

He then walked from the room, leaving his rival and Letty together. He had hardly gone before the sound of hoofs was audible without. In a minute more he returned.

"You are obeyed," he said. "My men have withdrawn."

"Then you are my prisoner," she replied, laying her hand firmly on his shoulder. "Captain Collins," she continued, looking at him with an appealing glance, "go now, if you are wise. I cannot answer for your safety longer."

The British Captain walked slowly to the door of the room. There was a look of gloomy resolution upon his face as he turned and looked back upon her. His lips opened as if to speak, but no sound came from them. A moment the three stood thus opposed. Then, with a low bow, he turned and departed.

Captain Conrad looked after him with a very grave face.

"Letty Snyder," he said, sternly, "you have made me act the part of a traitor today. My duty commanded that that man should not leave here except as a prisoner."

"If you had taken him you would have lost me," was her firm reply. "You may have duties to your country. I have duties to those who have trusted themselves freely to my hospitality."

"You are not the keeper of the officers of the British army," he replied.

"However that be, his treason has been tenfold that of yours, and all for love of me," she answered.

"I would have lost you, you say," he cried, suddenly changing the theme. "Have I won you, then? Give me assurance of this, and I will let the whole British army off at your command."

"You heard my words," she said, turning and laying both her hand in his; "the day the British evacuate Philadelphia I am yours."

"You are mine now!" was his eager and joyful reply, as he drew her to him and placed his arm around her waist. "I am not the man to wait for contingencies. I have you now, and I would like to see the British captain strong enough and bold enough to take you from me."

We leave them thus, clasped in the warm embrace of love.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MESCHIANZA.

We must leap at one great bound over half a year of history, merely glancing at the general course of events that have a bearing upon our story.

It was a half year devoid of active military movements, yet one that has always possessed the greatest interest for American readers, for it included that darkest period in the history of the war, the terrible winter in which the American army lay suffering at Valley Forge, exposed to the extremities of cold and hunger, dwelling in rudely-built huts, their feet almost bare to the frozen ground, their thinly-clad bodies shivering in the keen blasts of winter, their faces pinched by the sharp fingers of incipient starvation.

Still, though the armies as a mass remained inactive, there was legend, if not history making in the debatable land between them.

Colonel McLane, the most active partisan of the Americans, took care that their foes should not quite forget his existence. Enterprise was the breath of life to him and his men, and many a daring exploit is related of his troops during this long and cold winter.

There were many skirmishes and narrow escapes during these enterprises, for the British cavalry were not inactive. Captain Collins, in particular, made himself an active partisan, and more than one sharp brush occured between him and his rival, Conrad, against whom his feeling of enmity grew more bitter with time.

"A GLASS OF WINE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN MONTRESOR."

Snyder's inn was a sort of half-way ground which was frequently honored by the visits of one or the other rival captains. But the fair maid of the inn, whose presence gave occasion to these calls, kept the British Captain aloof with a coolness that was not very soothing to his feelings.

To Captain Conrad she was much more gracious, but even he felt the force of her varying disposition in a degree that was rather annoying to him.

To the one she said:

"We have made a bargain: there must be a lapse of love-making until your army has conquered the rebels."

To the other her conditions were:

"Captain Fitz is still at large. I said once that you must capture him before you could win me. Madge Lawson's rescue does not clear this man of his crime, and she dare not go to her own home while he is at large."

To do her lover justice he used every effort to capture the redoubtable tory, who had gathered around him another band and was more daring than ever. The reward for his capture was increased to one thousand dollars, so that there was a double incentive to end his career.

But he set all such efforts at defiance, and kept the surrounding country in a state of general alarm by his sudden raids.

There were others interested in his capture. Allen Brooks, British Spy, as he still seemed, was incensed at the daring tory, and determined that Madge should be freed from the peril with which his movements constantly surrounded her.

Fitz was free of the British camp, and often took refuge in the city, after some more daring raid. These occasions were not unknown to Brooks, who was in constant dread of some attempt against the liberty of his lady love, and was alert and vigilant in consequence.

His watchfulness, and that of his associate, Gordon, were not without their reward, as will appear.

The winter was now gone, the spring advanced to the verge of summer, and the British officers were engaged in an enterprise whose gayety contrasted strangely with the grave realities of war.

General Howe had thrown up his position as commander of the forces, and was about to return to England. His officers, wishing to honor him before his departure, prepared the splendid pageant called the Meschianza, which, for many years afterwards, was remembered by the inhabitants for its magnificence.

It consisted of a mock tournament, followed by a ball and supper, and was marked for the richness of the costumes, the beauty of the hastily prepared balls, and the general splendor and success of the fete.

"But that Madge Lawson should consent to take part in such a business astounds me," said her aunt, with much displeasure, after she had exhausted the arts of persuasion. "You, who have always been so strong a patriot, to be willing now to give countenance to these red-coat invaders."

"Perhaps I have seen the error of my ways, aunt," said Madge, smiling.

"There is one thing certain," said her aunt, with still greater displeasure: "A girl who can bring herself to associate with our British oppressors is no fit inmate for my house. You, Madge Lawson, to turn against your father and——"

"But where is a better Briton than my father?" said Madge, interrupting. "And my lover is an English spy. What can a poor girl do better then, than to accept the political faith of her father and her lover?"

"You don't mean to say that you are in earnest,—that you really favor the British?" cried her aunt, in dismay.

"As little as ever, aunt," was the laughing reply. "I hate them as a body. But that need not hinder me from enduring them taken singly. How do you like my new dress? Is it not becoming?"

"Madge, there is something behind all this," said her aunt, suspiciously. "You have some reason for your strange action, which you are keeping from me."

"You have guessed right," said Madge, closing her aunt's mouth with a kiss. "But don't ask me what it is. It is not my secret or I would have told you long ago."

"But a secret that could take you to a place like that?" was the dubious answer. "I don't quite like it."

"You will. I know you will approve of it. I am dying to tell you, but I have promised to not breathe it to a soul. You see, then, that I can not."

"Certainly, certainly, Madge. I hope no harm may come of it."

"I sincerely hope not," said Madge, with a shade of doubt in her tone.

"You were right then! He will be there!" she said to Allen Brooks, an hour later.

"Yes. Gordon has traced him. He has been in the city these two days, and has obtained a card of admission to the ball."

"But suppose, Allen, that our plan should fail? Suppose I fall again into the power of this unscrupulous Captain Fitz?"

"No, no, that cannot be," was his wavering answer. "He shall not escape me, I promise you. His scheme is well laid to achieve his purpose. But a plot can be counterplotted. He is contriving a plan that will yield him into our hands, outside the city limits. Once captured and in American hands, his career will speedily end."

"But yourself, Allen. Consider your own danger," she anxiously said.

"I will not consider myself," he firmly replied. "The British days in this city are numbered, and with their departure my vocation ends."

"Oh, I am ever so happy to hear you say that!" she warmly cried. "I shiver whenever I think of your business, and of the peril you constantly run."

"I intend to marry and settle down on the day of the British evacuation," he roguishly said.

"Marry whom?" was her quick question.

"A certain young lady who has smiled graciously upon me."

"Perhaps that young lady would like some say herself in fixing the time."

"Will that young lady then kindly fix the time on the day mentioned?" he asked, with a smile of assurance.

"Oh, you are a teasing rogue," she cried, playfully boxing his ears.

"A kiss for a blow, that is a lesson I learned when I was very young, and have not forgotten it yet," he said, catching her in his arms, and repaying her blow with interest, in a dozen kisses.

Her face was flushed, but it was the clear color of joy, as she broke from his embrace and ran laughing from the room.

The Meschianza began at half past four in an afternoon of the merry month of May, by a flotilla which started from the water edge at Green street, and was rowed with oars that kept time to the sweet discourse of music down the stream, in the presence of multitudes of spectators.

Arrived below the Swede's Church they landed and proceeded through an avenue of grenadiers to a lawn of one hundred and fifty yards square, which was surrounded with troops.

In front of each pavillion were seated seven of the principal young ladies of the city, dressed splendidly in Turkish costumes, of colors to suit their knights, seven of whom were dressed in white and red silk, and known as the "Knights of the Blended Rose;" the other seven in black and orange, known as the "Knights of the Burning Mountain."

Riding round the lists and making obeisance to the ladies, they received their spears from their esquires, fixed their shields on their left arms, and rode at each other in full career, shivering their spears. In the second and third encounters they discharged their pistols, in the fourth they fought with their swords.

From the garden a flight of steps, covered with carpet, led to a spacious hall, painted to imitate Vienna marble. Here the knights received on their knees their favors from their respective ladies.

From this hall they passed to a ball-room, elegantly painted and decorated with festoons of flowers. The ball was opened by the Knights and their ladies, the dancing continuing until ten o'clock, when the windows were thrown open, and they were treated to a magnificent display of fire-works.

At midnight supper was announced, and large folding doors, previously concealed, sprung open, revealing a grand saloon of two hundred and ten by forty feet, and twenty-two feet in height. The sides were adorned with flowers and with fifty-six large pier glasses, while a blaze of light from numerous chandeliers, and hundreds of wax tapers, lent their brilliant lustre to the rich repast that awaited the surprised and dazzled company.

We give but a bare outline of this magnificent fete, which was described by Major Andre, one of its leading spirits, as "the most splendid entertainment ever given by an army to its general."

Adjoining the ball-room were four drawing-rooms, with sideboards of refreshments; the whole brilliantly lighted and decorated.

In one of these rooms, at about nine o'clock in the evening, was gathered a group of gentlemen and ladies, who had just left the crowded ball-room. Among these was our handsome dragoon, Captain Collins, very gaily attired, and evidently one of the leading spirits of the entertainment.

"A glass of wine with you, Captain Montresor," he said, gaily lifting the sparkling liquid.

"To whom?" asked the other, taking the glass offered him.

"To the nameless one, the fairest and loveliest," said Captain Collins, with a mysterious smile.

"Which of us all?" said the lady behind him, tapping his wrist with her fan. "We will have no such secrets."

"Could I compare any exterior beauties to the Meschianza ladies?" he said, gallantly. "I pledge now the premium beauty of the less-favored outer world."

"Then here is to the charming —" began Montresor.

"Name not her name," cried Collins, "if some meddling spirit may have whispered it into your ear. Deep and silent is my pledge."

"Deep as death and silent as the grave," said Montresor, as he tossed off the wine.

Captain Collins sat down his glass untouched.

"I drink to no such funereal sentiments," he said, as he turned away with his lady.

There were other ears that heard this brief episode, other feet that followed them from the room.

Five minutes afterwards the two officers met each other alone, having disposed of their lady companions.

"What did you mean by that remark, Montresor?" asked Collins, severely.

"The thought crossed my mind of one Mrs. Collins, who is pining for her absent lord, in far-off England."

"Not a loud word," said the other cautiously. "If I choose to play the single gallant, you are not the man to betray me."

"Far be it from me," said Montresor, laughing. "But it struck me that death beyond the seas could alone open the door to your love tryst with the fair maid of the inn."

"Why you are as correct as a preacher," sneered Collins. "Who told you that I had a thought of marrying the girl? It would look well for a Collins to bring home as his bride an innkeeper's daughter."

"Then why do you haunt the girl?"

"Is it for Captain Montresor to inquire?" asked Collins, with an evil look. "Are your own skirts so pure?"

"I never deceived a woman to her harm," said Montresor, turning away.

Captain Collins, with an angry look upon his features, was on the point of following him, but was arrested in his motion by a touch upon his arm.

"What will Miss Letty Snyder think when she learns that her devoted admirer is a Benedict?" spoke a voice in his ear.

The British Captain turned fiercely upon the speaker.

"Perhaps you intend to inform her?" was his hot query.

"Hardly. But I think it my duty to acquaint Captain Conrad, of the rebel service, with this interesting bit of information."

"Your name, sir?" hissed the irate officer.

"My name is Allen Brooks."

"The spy?"

"I am called such," was the calm reply.

"The Collins's have one way of dealing with gentlemen," said the officer, scornfully. "Another way with traitorous scum like you."

"I can say with Captain Montresor that I never wronged a woman," was the severe answer. "Traitor to my country as I am, I decline to fight with either hand or sword with a man who is a traitor to human honor."

The next moment Captain Collins was alone, alone with his burning rage and a deep disgrace which had fallen upon him; and, let us say to his credit, a sentiment of shame struggling through the sterner emotions of his soul.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT THE STILE

BY ARTHUR LOCKER.

The leaves are glowing ruddy as the sun begins to dip,
The birds are twittering forth their evening ;
Little Lucy sits expectant with her finger at her lip,—
What makes her sister Alice stay so long?
There are butterflies and dragon-flies all ready to be chased,
There are daisy chains to weave, there are blackberries to taste ;
Why not play about the meadows for a while?
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

Impatient little Lucy is a simple-witted miss,
Her sweetheart days are future joys, 'tis clear ;
Why should Harry keep his arm around her sister's waist so tight?
Why make her blush by whispering in her ear?
The sun will soon be setting—Lucy does not love the dark ;
She does not love the silent bats that flit across the park ;
Since he met her, Alice might have walk'd a mile.
Why linger, linger, linger at the stile?

This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you linger,
To Alice is a rather serious thing ;
For it means that she and Harry have this evening vow'd to marry,
It means a cake, lace veil, and wedding ring.
And when a little bridesmaiden, uncommonly like you,
Comes down the church so trippingly all dress'd in white and blue,
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle,
Why they linger'd, linger'd, linger'd at the stile.

FEUILLETON.

The Case of Mr. Lucraft.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC.

In the morning I found myself lying on a stone bench in a small whitewashed room. My brows were throbbing and my throat was parched, and in my brain was ringing, I do not know why, the infernal "Cluck-cluck!" of the negro with derisive iteration. I had not long to meditate ; the door opened, and a constable appeared. "Now then," he said roughly, "if you can stand upright by this time, come along."

It was clear enough to me now what had happened : I was in custody, in a police-cell, and I was going before a magistrate.

I dream of that ignominy still, though forty years have passed since I was placed in the dock and asked what I had to say for myself. "Drunk and disorderly." There was nothing to say. I gave a false name, paid my fine, and was allowed to go away. Then I went to my lodgings, and tried to face the position.

It was clear that the demon to whom I had sold myself was incapable of the slightest consideration towards me. He would eat and drink as much as he felt disposed to do, careless of any consequences that might befall me. It was equally evident that he intended to make the most of his bargain, to eat enormously every day, and to drink himself drunk every night. And I was powerless. Meanwhile it was becoming evident that the consequence to me would be as serious as if I were myself guilty of these excesses. One drop of comfort alone remained ; my appetite would fail, and my tormentor would be punished where he would feel it most. I lay down and waited till luncheon time ; no sense of repletion came over me ; it was clear, therefore, that he was already suffering a vicarious punishment, so to speak, for yesterday's debauch. In the afternoon I crept out, fearful at every step of meeting some one who had seen my shame in the morning, and took in my regular allowance of food—it was horrible to think that the night's excesses made no difference whatever in my capacity for food, which now remained at a steady quantity. In fact, I was a human engine, which at stated times required water and fuel. In the evening I returned early, in order to avoid a repetition of last night's disgrace, and lock d myself in.

At seven dinner began again ; at eight I was gorged and clucking ; at nine I was drunk.

I thought the best course would be for me to hide myself away, altogether. I took a little roadside cottage north of Islington, put in some furniture, and retired there to live entirely by myself. In the calmness of despair I doomed my life to solitude. Within the walls of one place at least I was secure. And here, night after night, I waited with trembling the attacks of gluttony, surfeit, and drunkenness ; for my master had no pity.

As for my meals, I bought them ready prepared. They consisted almost wholly of bread and cold mutton. You may judge of the absolutely tasteless condition to which I was reduced, when I write calmly and truthfully that cold boiled mutton was as agreeable to me as any other form of food. I found, after repeated trials, that mutton forms the best fuel—it is better than either beef or pork—it keeps the human engine at work for the longest time. So I had mutton. As I discovered also that bulk was necessary, and t at only a certain amount of animal food was wanted, I used to have cold potatoes always ready. I stoked twice a day, at eleven in the morning and about five in the afternoon. Thus fortified, I got through the miserable hours as best I could, with the aid of books. Of course, half the enjoyment of books was gone with the loss of my other sense.

I look back now on that period as one of unmitigated misery and despair. I was daily growing more bloated, fatter, and flabbier in the cheeks. My hands trembled in the morning. I seemed losing the power of connected thought. My very lips were thickening.

I hope I can make it clear what was the effect of my bargain on myself—I mean without reference to the sufferings inflicted on me by my tyrant. People, however, never can know, unless they happen to be like myself, which is unlikely, how great a part eating and drinking take in the conduct of life. Between the rest of the world and me there was a great gulf fixed. They could enjoy, I could not ; they could celebrate every joyful event with something additional to eat ; they could make a little festival of every day ; they could give to happiness an outward and tangible form. Alas, not only was I debarred from this, but I was cut off even from joy itself ; for if you look at it steadily, you will find that most of human joy or suffering is connected with the senses. I had bartered away a good half of mine, and the rest seemed in mourning for the loss of their fellows. As for my pale and colorless life, it was as monotonous as the clock. If I neglected to stoke, the usual feebleness would follow. There was no gracious looking forward to a pleasant dinner ; no trembling anticipations in hope and fear of what might be preparing ; no cheerful contemplation of the joint while the carver sharpens his knife ; no discussions of flavor and richness ; no modestly hazarded conclusions as to more currants ; no rolling of the wineglass in the fingers to the light and smacking of lips over the first sip—all these things were lost to me. Reader, if haply this memoir ever see a posthumous light, think what would happen to thyself if eating and drinking, those perennial joys of humanity, which last from the infantile pap to the senile Revalenta Arabica, were taken away.

All things tasted alike, as I have said, and cold mutton formed my staple dish. As I could only distinguish between beer, wine, coffee, and tea by the look, I drank water. If I ventured, which was seldom, to take my dinner in a restaurant, I would choose my *piece de resistance* by the look, by some fancied grace in the shape, but not by taste or smell. The brown of roast beef might attract me one day and repel me the next. I was pleased with the comeliness of a game-pie, or tickled by some inexplicable external charm of a beefsteak pudding. But three-quarters of my life were gone, and with them all my happiness.

If you have no appetite for eating, you can enjoy nothing in the whole world. That is an axiom. I could not taste, therefore my eyes ceased to feel delight in pleasant sights, and my ear in pleasant sounds. It was not with me as in the case of a blind man, that an abnormal development of some other sense ensued ; quite the contrary. In selling one, I seemed to have sold them all. For, as I discovered, man is one and inseparable ; you cannot split him up ; and when my arch deceiver bought my appetite, he bought me out and out. A wine merchant might as well pretend to sell the bouquet of claret and preserve the body, or a painter the color of his picture and preserve the drawing, or a sculptor the grace of his group and keep the marble. The thing was simple, and all was lost.

This time lasted for about four months. On the first of each month I went to receive my pay—the wages of sin—from the clerk, who surveyed me critically, but said nothing till the morning of the fourth month. Then, while he handed me my money, he whispered confidentially across the table :

"Look here, old fellow, you know, you're going it worse than poor Tom Kirby. Why don't you stop it? What is the good of a feller's drinking himself to death? The old gentleman was here yesterday, asking me how you looked, and if you continued steady. Pull up, old man, and knock it off."

I took the money in my trembling hands, and slunk away abashed. When I got home again, I am not ashamed to say that I cried like a child.

Delirium tremens! That would begin soon, and then the end would not be far off. It was too awful. Think of my position! I was but four-and-twenty. Not only was I deprived of the pleasure—mind you, a very real pleasure—of eating and drinking ; I was the most temperate man in the world, though that was no great credit to myself, considering ; and yet I bore in my face and my appearance, and felt in my very brain, all the marks and signs of confirmed drunkenness and the hopelessness of it. That hardened old voluptuary, that demon of gluttony, that secret murderer, would have no pity. He must have felt by the falling-off of the splendid appetite which he was doing his utmost to ruin that things were getting worse, and he was resolved—I had suspected this for some time—to kill me off by drinking me to death.

I believe I should have been dead in another week, but for a blessed respite, due, I afterwards discovered, to my demon being laid up with so violent a sore throat that he could not even swallow. What was my joy at being able to go to bed sober, to wake without a headache, to feel my bad symptoms slowly disappearing, to recover my nerves! For a whole fortnight I was happy—so happy that I even believed the improvement would last and the old man was penitent. One day after fourteen days of a veritable earthly paradise, I was walking along the Strand—for I was no longer afraid of venturing out—and met my old manager, Juliet's father. He greeted me with a warmth that was quite touching under all the circumstances.

"My dear boy, I have been longing to know your whereabouts. Come and tell me all about it. Have you dined? Let us have some dinner together."

I excused myself, and asked after Juliet.

"Juliet is but so-so. Ah! do you know, Lucraft, sometimes I think that I did wrong to part you. And yet, you know, you had no money. Make some, my boy, and come back to us."

This was hearty. I forgot my troubles and my state of bondage, and everything, except Juliet.

"I—I—I have money," I said. "I have come into a little money unexpectedly."

"Have you?" he replied, clasping me by the hand. "Then come down and see Juliet. Or—stay ; no. The day after to-morrow is Juliet's ben. We are playing at Richmond. We have one of your own parts—you shall be Sir Harry Wildair. I will alter the bills. You are sure to come?"

"Sure to come," I said, with animation. "Capital! I know every line in the part. Tell Juliet that an old friend will act with her."

We made a few arrangements and parted. I bought a copy of the play at Lacy's, and studied the play over again.

Next day I drove to Richmond, and found my Juliet in an impatience that went to my heart. She had grown thin and pale ; I, on the other hand, fat and red-faced, though a fortnight's respite had done wonders to restore me.

"I don't think you are looking so well as you used," said the dear girl. "Mr. Mould"—Mr. Mould was the dresser—"says that you look as if you had been drinking."

I laughed, but felt a little uneasy.

We rang up at seven.

I began with all my former vigor, because I was acting again with Juliet. The old life came back to me ; I forgot my troubles, I was really happy, and I believe I acted well. At all events the house applauded. Between the first and second act a sudden terror seized me. I felt that the old man was eating again. That passed off, because he ate very little. But then he began to drink, and to drink fast.

It was no use fighting against it. I believe the villain must have been drinking raw brandy, because I was drunk in five minutes. I staggered and reeled about on the stage, I laughed wildly and sang foolishly, and then I tumbled down in a heap and could not get up again. The last thing I remember is the angry roar of poor old Kerrans, beside himself with passion, telling the carpenters to carry that drunken beast away and throw him into the road. I heard afterwards that they were obliged to drop the curtain, and that the *eclat* of poor Juliet's benefit was entirely spoiled. As for myself, the carpenters carried me out to the middle of Richmond-green, where they were going to leave me, only one of them had compassion, and wheeled me to his own house in a barrow.

I was quite crushed by this blow. For the first time I felt tempted to commit suicide and end it all. To be sure I ought to have foreseen this, and all the other dreadful things. Directly my master, my owner, got able to swallow, though he could not eat, he could drink, and ordered the most fiery liquor he could procure, with a view to kill me off and begin with another victim.

But Providence ruled otherwise.

One evening, a few days after my disgrace at the Richmond Theatre, I was sitting in my lonely cottage, expectant of the usual drunken bout, when I felt a curious agitation within me, an internal struggle, as if through all my veins a tempestuous wave was surging and rushing. I lay down.

"This is some new devilry of the old man," I said to myself. "Let him do his worst ; at least I must try to bear it with resignation." I began to speculate on my inevitable and approaching end, and to wonder curiously what proportion of the sin of all this drunkenness would be laid to my charge.

To my astonishment nothing more followed. The tumult of my system gradually subsided, and I fell asleep.

In the morning I awoke late, and missed the usual headache. I had therefore, I was surprised to find, actually not been drunk the night before. I rose with my customary depression, and was astonished to discover that my nerves were steadier and spirits higher than I had known for a long time.

I mechanically went to the cupboard and pulled out my cold mutton and potatoes. Who can picture my joy when I found that I could taste the meat again, and that it was nasty? I hardly believed my senses ; in fact I had lost them for so long, that it was difficult to understand that they had come back to me. I tried the potatoes. Heavens, what a horrible thing to a well-regulated palate is a cold boiled potato!

At first, as I said, I could not believe that I had recovered my taste ; then, as the truth forced itself upon me and I found that I could not only taste, but was actually hungry, I jumped and danced, and was beside myself with joy. Think of a convict suddenly released, and declared guiltless of the charges brought against him. Think of a prisoner on the very ladder of the gallows-tree, with the rope round his neck, reprieved and pardoned. Think of one doomed to death by his physician receiving the assurance that it was all a mistake, and that he would gather up long years of life as in a sheaf. And think that such joy as these would feel I felt, and more!

I went to the nearest coffee-shop and ordered bacon, eggs, and tea, offering up a short grace with every plate as it came. And then, because I felt sure that my old tormentor must be dead, I repaired to my lawyers, and saw the clerk.

"Ah," he said, "the poor old man's gone at last! Went out like the snuff of a candle. His illness was only twenty-four hours. Well, he's gone to heaven if ever man did."

"What did he die of—too much eating and drinking?"

"Mr. Lucraft," said the clerk severely, "this is not the time for you to adopt towards that distinguished man your benefactor. He died, sir—being a man of moral, temperate, and even abstemious life, though of full habit—of apoplexy."

"O!" I said, careless of what the clerk said, but glad to be quite sure that the diabolical old villain was really dead. I suppose there never was such joy over the repentance of any sinner, as mine over the death of that murdering glutton, for whom no words of hatred were too strong.

"I think you've got to see our senior partner," said the clerk. "Step this way."

He led me to a room where I found a grave and elderly gentleman sitting at a table.

"Mr. Lucraft?" he said. "I was expecting you. I saw your late patron's negro this morning. He told me that you would call."

I stared, but said nothing.

"I have a communication to make to you, on the part of our departed friend, Mr. Ebenezer Grumbelow. It is dated a few weeks since, and is to the effect that a sum of money which I hold was to be placed in your hands in case of his death. This, it appears, he anticipated for some reason or other."

"Ebenezer Grumbelow." That was the name which had so long escaped my memory—"Ebenezer Grumbelow."

I said nothing, but stared with all my eyes.

"My poor friend," the lawyer went on, "after remarking that unless you change your uncomfortable habits you will come to no good, gave me this money himself—here is the cheque—so that it will not appear in his last will and testament."

I took it in silence.

"Well, sir," he looked at me in some surprise—"have you no observation to make, or remark to offer, on this generosity?"

"None," I said.

"I do not know," he continued—"I do not know—your signature here, if you please—what reason Mr. Grumbelow had in taking you up, or what claim you possessed upon his consideration ; but I think, sir, I do think that some expression—some sense of regret is due."

I buttoned up the cheque in my pocket.

"Mr. Grumbelow was a philanthropist, I believe, sir?"

"He was. As a philanthropist, as a supporter of charities, as a public donor of great amounts, Mr. Grumbelow's name stands in the front. So much we all know."

"A religious man too?"

"Surely, surely ; one of our most deeply religious men. A man who was not ashamed of his saintly profession."

"Cluck-cluck!"

It was the familiar face of Boule-de-neige at the door.

"You know, I suppose," said the lawyer, "Mr. Grumbelow's body servant, a truly Christian negro?"

"Was there," I asked, "any clause in Mr. Grumbelow's letter—any condition attached to this gift?"

"None whatever. It is a free gift. Stay, there is a postscript which I ought to have read to you. You will perhaps understand it. In it Mr. Grumbelow says as to the services rendered by him to you and by you to him, it will be best for your sake to keep them secret."

I bowed.

"I may now tell you, Mr. Lucraft, without at all wishing to break any confidence that may have existed between you and the deceased, that a friend of Mr. Grumbelow's—no other, indeed, than the Rev. Jabez Jumbles, a name doubtless known to you—intends to write the biography of this distinguished and religious man, as an example to the young. Any help you can afford to so desirable an end will be gratefully received. Particularly, Mr. Lucraft, any communication on the subject of his continued help given to young men, who regularly disappointed him and died of drink."

I bowed again and retired.

Did any one ever hear of such a wicked old man?

Outside the office I was joined by the negro.

"What have you got to say to me, detestable wretch?" I cried, shaking my fist in his withered old face.

"Cluck-cluck! Massa not angry with poor old Boule-de-neige. How young massa? Young massa pretty well? How de liddy abbalite of de young gengleman? How him strong stumjack? Cluck-cluck!"

He kept a safe distance from me. I think I should have killed him if I had ever clutched him by the throat.

"Ole massa him always ask, 'How dat young debbil?' 'Go and see, Boule-de-neige. I go to young massa's cottage dat-way, and come back. 'He berry dam bad, sar,' I say ; 'he going to de debbil berry fast, just like dem oders. De folk all say he drink too much for his berry fine constitution.' Cluck-cluck. Ole massa he only say ebery night, 'Bring de Brandy, Boule-de-neige ; let's finish him.' Cluck-cluck!"

Here was a Christian negro for you!

"Tell me, what did your master die of?"

"Apple perplexity, massa."

"Ah ; what else? Come, Boule-de-neige, I know a good deal ; tell me more."

"Massa's time up," he whispered, coming close to me. "Time quite up, and him berry much 'fraid. Massa Lucraft want reward? Boule-de-neige berry good servant. Cook lubly dinner, make massa rich, like Massa Grumbelow."

"I'd rather hire the devil!" I exclaimed.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck!" grinned the creature ; and really he looked at the moment as much like the devil as one could wish. "Cluck" dat massa can do if massa like."

I rushed away, too much excited by the recovery of my freedom to regard what he said.

I was free. What next?

Mr. Kerrans next. I found him in that state of mind which becomes the heavy outraged in his best and tenderest feelings. I had to give him a good deal of brandy-and-water ; but I succeeded at length in winning him to my way of thinking, and he gave me an interview with Juliet.

The dear girl forgave me.

* * * * * *

I have only to add that, a month after our union, I told my wife the whole story.

She asked if I took her for a fool.

Since then I have told it to a great many persons, not one of whom ever believed it, except one old lady perhaps ; a dear old lady in many respects, only she believes in Joanna Southcott as well as in my story, and mixes up the prophetess with my old murderer. And to the day of her death Juliet never allowed me the key of the spirit-case. There was no telling, she said, when a man might break out again.

THE END.

VELMAR.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

The bride was beautiful. She had luxuriant pale-brown hair, wide brow, a winsome mouth, a skin like a white rose-leaf. So much all saw. Roy Fleetwood marked a certain fixed pallor and composure that was strange in one so young, at such a time.

"She is marrying Moncton for his money," he said to himself.

Some one in lavender silk and point lace swept past a table at his side, and brushed a card from a gold receiver to the floor. Fleetwood picked it up.

"Velmar Norton."

The name was the bride's—Mrs. Moncton.

"Velmar was a princess, and this girl looks like a princess beside the fat trader," he muttered.

He made his adieux, and went into an ante-room for his hat.

"Big time," laughed Jim Ralston. "Where do you suppose Seth found such a beauty?"

"In St. Louis. She's convent-bred," said Ellery Alton, who was just going in. "Looking beautiful, isn't she? Poor Velmar," with a sudden seriousness.

They looked at him interrogatively.

"She don't care that for old Seth Moncton," snapping his fingers. "Her father's in debt to him. St. Louis is a hard place. I'll see you to-morrow. Ta, ta!" waving his hand, as he disappeared in the direction of the drawing-room.

Fleetwood came down the high stone steps in the moonlight. There was a soft kissing sound among the young May leaves on the branches overhead. Some nesting birds were twittering sleepily.

"Heigho! it's all like a bad dream," he said, swinging his cane, as he walked down the avenue. "How lovely the moonlight on the lake! It's too good a night for such sorry work as that back there, if Alton's story's true. How heavenly sweet the dew-wet wood violets are!"

The next day, starting for New York, Fleetwood forgot the wedding, but Velmar could not forget. She was of the play, he had been but a looker-on. All the bitter story was bitterly true. She was married to a man she did not love.

A good enough man—Seth Moncton. A healthy, moderate, smug-faced man, smoothly successful in business, the owner of a fine new estate, and the father of a daughter two years older than Velmar. Miss Moncton was West, however, and would be married on her return. The new wife was the mistress of Lakebanks. Mr. Moncton congratulated himself on being "a good provider," and had the unruffled belief that "all was well."

And Velmar? She went desolately about Lakebanks, and made no sign. She neither moaned nor wept, though she hated her husband, hated the place, and most of all hated herself for what she had done in becoming Seth Moncton's wife. No one had cared for her. Her father, with his crazy speculations, had kept them poor at home. She had been from school a year, idle and useless. Her father had wished her to marry this man and she had more than half indifferently consented.

But now, of Lakebanks—for the place was really beautiful—her heart seemed to wake up. Out on the sunny slopes, under the locusts, she realized that she had meant to do better with her life than this ; liberty became suddenly sweet—the liberty that was never more to be hers.

After awhile she tried to be brave. She could not be a happy woman, but she would be a good one. This, after three months' hard thinking.

"Mr. Moncton," she said to her husband, "I think I should like more people around me."

"Want company, eh?" asked Seth, swinging himself on his swivel chair, and not raising his eyes from the market reports of the paper in his hand. "Well, have it."

"Let me tell you what I mean, please. Lakebanks is a lovely place."

Seth nodded.

"I would like it to be enjoyed by more people. It is good for people. You understand?"

A long silence. Seth absorbed in the price of sugar.

"Eh?" suddenly. "What's that you're saying about having some folks here. Oh, do just as you please, child ; just as you please. Lakebanks is your home. I must be off to the city."

Velmar sat alone, after he had gone, looking out on the lawn, and feeling quite convinced that her husband could not understand her any more than if the two had never, in their lifetimes, met. But then he need not, if he would not balk her ; and then she put on a shade hat and linen suit and drove about the village in her basket phaeton—inviting to her home, not the gay and sought for, but literally the lame, the halt, and the blind—a pale young school-teacher, almost crippled from the effects of rheumatic fever, pathetically sad and patient, Bertie Bray, who had been shut up with a broken leg for four months ; and little blind Lily Yost, and her devoted widowed mother.

Velmar planned to make these people happy. Surely her feet were set then in the right path.

Summer and the beautiful autumn went by. She was busy and not unhappy. And then Fleetwood returned from New York.

He saw Velmar from time to time, and looked at her with interest. It was not her beauty which attracted him. He had a desire to understand her. Several times Moncton invited him to Lakebanks, and once he went and dined. He saw Angelique Clare, the pale school-teacher, Bertie Bray and Lily Yost. Then, perhaps, he was more interested in Velmar than ever.

But it was not until the next summer that he went to Lakebanks for a vacation.

He was sitting idle and weary in his office, when Mrs. Moncton came in to show him some law papers connected with her lately deceased father's will. The dust blew by the windows ; the high walls of a manufactory shut out the air and sky.

She found Fleetwood nearly asleep with his head on a copy of Coke.

"Beg pardon," he said ; "the result of the hot weather and a fatiguing day's work yesterday."

He dashed some ice water on his temples, and after a few moments came and sat down to talk with her, but looking heavy-eyed and ill.

When her business was settled, she said : "Mr. Fleetwood I want you to come to us for a vacation. Law and this factory smoke are killing you."

"Lakebanks, where the sun sets across the waters, and the locusts are full of birds?"

"Yes," she said, smiling.

"I will come."

And so he came. So their lives met. They lived together for four happy weeks, and loved and loved.

When Velmar Moncton discovered that she loved Roy Fleetwood she was overwhelmed with sorrow. His manly beauty was dearer to her than her own heart, yet she was a wife, and he must go away, and she must forget him. She thought nothing else possible at first.

But he was human, and her sweetness and patience and truth told on him ; for at last he understood her ; and something in his eyes fed the springs of her love.

Angelique Clare was again at Lakebanks. Velmar tried to wrench her heart away. She looked at the young girl's pleasing countenance and fair hair, and said : "Let him marry Angelique." And Fleetwood, bewildered for a time, unconsciously set his feet in this path, and Seth Moncton thought he saw a wedding in perspective—that of his young legal friend and Mrs. Moncton's *protege*. But a revelation of the truth was imminent.

Velmar rose one morning from a sleepless pillow. She had prayed in the early dawn for strength to overcome temptation, and came down to breakfast, pallid but composed. During the meal she met Fleetwood's anxious eyes searching her face, and turned from him with a slight impatience. "This had best be over with soon," she said to herself, and she steeled herself to listen coldly as he spoke of going away.

But when the meal was finished, and the gentlemen had left the table, and she sat for a moment alone, there came to her a realization of how actually horrible that room would be to her left alone in it for numberless years with Seth Moncton's companionship, and springing to her feet, she ran out of doors and out under the blue sky, where it seemed as if she could breathe better.

She walked up and down under the trees. She could not pray now.

Down on the lake terrace, she saw Fleetwood walking with Angelique. "I wish he would marry her. Then I should be safe!" she said, with a shiver.

She plucked a white rose and kissed it, as if to draw strength from something innocent and sweet, and as if the great spirit of holy nature yearned to bless her, a dew-wet leaf floated down from the tree overhead and touched her forehead as if with a balm.

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Down on the terrace, where clumps of white lilies stood cool among the beds of crimson verbenas and pale heliotrope, Fleetwood walked unconscious of the intoxicating fragrance of the flowers or the shining beauty of the water. Angelique Clare was equally silent.

The girl was not in love with Mr. Fleetwood, and now she looked at him with eyes of heavenly pity. Suddenly she paused before a rustic seat.

"Please sit down here for a moment," she said, and like one in a dream, her companion obeyed her.

"Mr. Fleetwood," said Angelique, "I want you to go away from Lakebanks."

Fleetwood turned and gazed at her.

"I want you to go, because I love Mrs. Moncton," she said.

"I am going," murmured Fleetwood, uneasily. Then he aroused himself. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Because you love Mrs. Moncton. That is strange language."

She shook her head.

"Not to you. I love her, I pity her ; she is as true as steel, and I cannot bear to see her so tried."

The girl's voice broke.

"I shall never blame her. She is so lovely—worse than if she were alone, as I am. God only knows what her kindness and the shelter of her love has been to me, has done for me! And because she has been so good—trying all the time to forget her own sorrows. I know—I ask you to go away from here and leave her safe."

There was a silence.

"I am not ashamed to say that I love her, since you know her as you do," said Fleetwood, at last. "Angelique do you think she loves me?"

She looked searchingly into his eyes to see if she might trust him. Satisfied, she said :

"I think she loves you. Will you go away?"

"I will."

"When?"

"To-day."

And he went.

* * * * * * * * * *

Roy Fleetwood went once more to New York, and was gone a year. Angelique Clare was again employed in her old routine of school teaching. Velmar was alone at Lakebanks.

Alone.

The elegant drawing-room and rich chambers were her domain.

She was ill and would no longer play the Lady Bountiful. She lay on a velvet couch before the open fire, in the chilly fall days, and by her side glowed hot-house fruit and costly flowers, untasted and unnoticed. The servants not only gave her lip service but devoted attention ; they all loved her. Mr. Moncton called physicians. These she repulsed fretfully ; and for months she languished, and no aid reached her.

In the spring, the physicians ordered her to the mountains, and she went.

Once more Velmar's good angel came to her aid. She tried to enjoy the White Hills. They were beautiful ; she saw it, but did not feel it. They were wonderful ; but she did not marvel. She only did not complain and make trouble for her attendants.

But during the summer her strength came back. Mr. Moncton returned to his business and left Velmar with her old waiting-maid Antonia.

Velmar looked about her and tried to encourage herself.

She was driving in her basket phaeton along the Glen road one afternoon, when a horseman galloping by, drew rein and touched his hat.

It was Fleetwood ; both were equally surprised.

The pallor of her recent illness had enhanced her beauty. She wore a noble and composed aspect. He had lost his mother, and known other troubles, since they had last met. They looked at each other almost as strangers.

But when he had curbed his horse to walk gently at her wheels, and he had asked questions, to which she replied in silver monosyllables, the old sweet charm of companionship came back.

The fat pony, Puck, crept sleepily along the shaded road ; the sunshine sought the gold in Fleetwood's dark curls, as he rode under the maple branches ; and to Velmar's cheek came the first faint roseate hue of pleasure.

At last they had made a circuit and returned to the hotel steps.

"You will let me call occasionally? I am staying at a farmhouse back a mile or two," he said, as she alighted.

She raised her dark eyes and looked at him frankly.

"You may call—yes. I am trying to get well, and I need companionship. My husband will be glad to find me restored to health when he comes for me in October."

And then she went to her room and tried to feel as if nothing remarkable had happened.

But when Antonia combed out the great braids of her hair that night she said :—

"My mistress' cheeks are as red as roses!"

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The maples reflected their scarlet in the river. It was October.

Fleetwood, his cheek bronzed by many a mountain expedition, stood under a tree on the river bank, plucking wild grapes and whistling back his dog from the water.

"Here, Jupiter! Come back, you rascal! He'll have his coat drenched and your dress ruined again, Velmar, if he goes in ; but he's wild to get at those birds. By the way, shall we go to the Emerald Pool, to-morrow?"

Velmar sat on the brown trunk of a tree, looking silently at the blue hills in a vista. She did not answer.

"Velmar!" Fleetwood turned and looked at her.

"My husband comes to-morrow," she said. She drew a letter out of her pocket, glanced at the superscription and put it back. She rose with a shiver.

"It is cold here," she said.

Fleetwood's hand dropped from the purple vine. The dog went into the water unnoticed, and splashed to his heart's content.

Fleetwood stood motionless. Then turning, saw Velmar far up the bank. Her slight figure stood alone, in its grey dress, among the rocks. He watched her a moment and heaved a heavy sigh.

"I have been mad!"

The glitter of a carriage wheel along the river road ; Mr. Moncton sprang to the ground.

"Fleetwood, is this you? I've come up for my wife. Your friends the Ralstons and Ellery Alton have come up on the morning train for a day. We all go back to-morrow, and the season's over. You'd better go back with us."

He took his arm, and walked towards the hotel until Fleetwood excused himself.

But in the morning Jim Ralston found him out, and he found himself one of the returning party for Boston.

And he was at the mansion at Lakebanks until late in the evening.

The company from the mountains had been dancing. The house was bright and gay ; it would be quiet and deserted tomorrow. Mrs. Moncton was very pale.

Mr. Moncton was praising a new brand of wine he had just imported. He sent for glasses and a flask of the new importation.

Velmar stood by a cabinet. The waiter came and placed the tray and glasses close by her.

After a moment she opened a small drawer and took out a tiny phial filled with a few drops of liquid of a pale-blue color. She held this in the palm of her hand as her husband approached and poured the wine.

He distributed it among the guests. Mrs. Moncton was spoken to ; she made no answer. She stood beside the tray, apparently toying with a bracelet on her arm, as in a reverie. There was no one observing her specially but Roy Fleetwood. From a distant window he watched her with a troubled glance.

"Another bottle, Prince," Mr. Moncton called to the servant.

When he raised the glass to his lips, Fleetwood sprang forward and dashed it to the floor.

"A thousand pardons, my dear sir, but I could not see you drink a spider. See! there is another on the window-frame—the result of open windows in the autumn."

The amazed master of the house tried to stammer his thanks ; but the company were gathering about Velmar. She had fallen senseless to the floor.

* * * * * * * *

Among the deaths on board the burned steamer *Bertha* appeared the name of Seth Moncton.

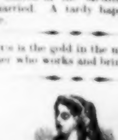
Velmar was a widow.

She was thirty years old. She was beautiful, with an unchanging pallor. All the country round about called her a good woman. "But how strange that the angelic Mrs. Moncton should become the friend and assistant of criminals!"

There was no philanthropist in the country who worked harder for his special cause than she for hers. The prison convicts called her "Saint Mercy." To her a soul was never lost. Her compassion and tenderness was unfailing. She had a marvellous success at saving souls, they said, who watched her course.

But when she contracted some loathsome disease from ministering to the suffering, and the greatest care had barely saved her life, she was ordered abroad for her health. In Nice she met Roy Fleetwood. On the shores of the Mediterranean they were married. A tardy happiness, but a sure one.

GENIUS is the gold in the mine ; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.



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SUPPLANTED.

BY M. A. K.

Dimpled Bessie, two years old,
Stands amazed and doubting
That image in her bright blue eyes
Her lips curved and pouting
In the little candle-lit
Where she slept so late.
Bessie's another baby now,
And it grieves her greatly;
Where is mother's first, dear kiss
Where are her caresses,
Long weeks and long days ago,
Only, only Bessie?
Now the door is shut between
Her and that little candle-lit
No, she never, never will
Leave the baby brother!

Freely rebel now she climbs,
Fearful and heart-broken,
Softly to her father's knee,
Though he is wrapt in papers.
There she, with her golden head
Laid against his daughter,
Means and sobs herself to sleep.
While his arms enfold her.

Bessie, through the pain and grief
Is a real mother,
In your baby heart to-day
Love and pity to-morrow
Yet, in months and years to come,
You may like an other.
Prove the best and dearest friend
To that little brother.

You may scatter in his path
Many blessings may be
Joy-filled only woman's hand
Can dispense, my baby.
And should fortune cast a cloud on the first,
Sorrow will be deeper
If your heart than it is now.
Bessie, kiss the sleeper.

HOW I CAME TO BE A MANAGER.

BY FREDERICK TALBOT.

In any scheme that philosophers might propose for remodelling society, there would be a considerable difficulty, I fancy, in providing candidates for certain necessary callings—chimney-sweeping, now, and coal-mining, and that kind of thing. How could you expect your sucking philosophers to embrace such profession as these?

I can see a way out of the difficulty myself, although I'm not a philosopher, in this sort of fashion: I'd have a grand competitive examination every three months or so. I'd have advertisements in all the daily papers—thus: Wanted for the public service. One Governor-General of India, one President of the Board of Works, one Chancellor of the Exchequer; and so on, according to what high offices might be vacant, till you come to the end of the list with, say, one hundred and fifteen bone-boilers, and two hundred and twenty-six chimney-sweeps. And I'd have no shirking, mind you. Once put your name down for the race, and there it must stay; you must take whatever place the certificate of merit assigns you. Chancellor of the Exchequer or chummie, you must take your chance; and if you refuse to run at all and get no marks, it would be chummie as a matter of course.

But there are one or two points on which I don't see my way. Authors and artists would be a difficulty, only we shouldn't starve without them; but when we come to the "managerial" profession, I can't see my way to a fairly fixed. What possible training and education would have fitted me so well for the place I hold in the world as the practical school of life? What competitive examination is equal to the keen encounter of our wits, to show us what we can do and what we can't?

When I speak of the managerial profession I don't mean bank managers, or managing directors, or anything of the kind. I mean you to understand theatrical management, whether transpontine or otherwise, doesn't matter.

Of course you'll say, "Oh, it's easy enough to manage. If you have actors you won't want for managers; some experienced artist who's getting hoarse will work will do that job." Yes, and a pretty hash he'll make of it, mark my word. No, no, that's not the way I got my experience, and I've been pretty successful in my time, I believe. Now I'm on the subject, I'll tell you how I first got into the line, and then you'll see how the doctrine of natural selection works in that as in other matters.

I needn't say that my parents and guardians never intended me to be a "manager." On the contrary, when my father died—my mother had died three years before—they left me to the care of an old friend of his, a lawyer, with an intimation that he wished me to be brought up to the legal profession. He left a thousand pounds to carry out his wishes. That was just enough to finish my schooling, to pay for my articles and premium, and keep me till I was twenty-one. It left a little over, as it happened, for on my twenty-first birthday I had a letter from my guardian, enclosing a cheque for a hundred pounds, which, he said, was the balance of my fortune, and wishing me success in my career in life. Looking at the matter dispassionately at this distance of time, I don't think my guardian did any too much for me. He had articled me to a firm in Bedford-row, and lodged me for me in Camden-town, and after that he concerned himself nothing at all about me, and I grew up pretty much according to my own sweet will; and that didn't work altogether in a legal direction. In fact, I hated law like poison. I do now; and in my grand scheme of competitive callings, I shall put law-clerks next to chimney-sweepers.

Living, as I did, in London, without anybody to take me by the hand and train me up in the way I should go, I developed a very strong bias for amusement. I was in the habit of turning night into day, which is all very well if you don't burn the candle at both ends. I didn't do that, because I used also to turn day into night. At Strop and and Blockby I articled—I didn't work unless they pleased. I rarely did please, and was consequently left out of the calculations of the firm in distributing their work, and there was scarcely anything given me to do even when I wanted to do something. So I got into the habit of getting up about noon, looking in at the office for an hour or so, and then spending the rest of the day as it pleased myself.

There was no doubt that, according to all reasonable calculations, I ought to have gone to the bad altogether; and I believe that some of my relations are to this day under the impression that this was my eventful fate, but they are mistaken. There was one thing saved me: I was a good financier. If I spent my money, I always got the worth of it back again. I had what people call "luck," which is in fact a mixture of resolution and an instinctive power of combination and rapid calculation. And during all my five years' apprenticeship I had been reading men instead of reading books, whilst my isolated self-dependent state had given me nerve and confidence.

From an early age I was devoted to theatres. I've no fancy for acting myself, not having any histrionic talent, but I liked the company of actors, and I had the entree pretty nearly all the theatres in London, and I knew tolerably well what was going on behind the scenes.

But there was no doubt about it that, on my twenty-first birthday, things were looking very rosy. "O," said I to myself, "if I had only in my hands one half of the thousand pounds that this donkey of a guardian of mine has wasted on my professional training! Why, there were half a dozen good things I knew of that I could have worked with five hundred pounds. But what's the good of that paltry hundred? And when it was gone, what should I do?" I was a sanguine youth, but I own the prospect staggered me. My mind's eye conjured up a stern court-martial of wasted hours, neglected opportunities; anger. Duty was the president, who read the finding of the court, and hungry Want was the Provost-marshal, who led me away to my doom.

It was in a dusky little room in Islington that I held this soliloquy, on a dull November night, with the rain pattering against the window-panes. I had determined to stop at home that night and look into my affairs a little, and make up my mind what to do. Should I, with this hundred of life altogether, spend my last hundred in examining, and try to pass the law examination? Respectability has its advantages. But, then, it wasn't too bad. Had the capacity to work up in six months what I ought to have been acquiring during the last five years? It's no use taking a virtuous resolution unless you do carry it out.

There's nothing like a pipe when you're in a fix. I loaded one and lighted it, and started walking about the room. By and by I came opposite the glass, rather a little smoky, fly-blown kind of a thing. "Now," I said, addressing my own dim image in the glass, "you're set out out for a lawyer; a fellow for that matter with your brain-like kind of a mug. It's an advantage for some kind of work to look soft, but it isn't for a lawyer's work, because half of what he does is mere bluff. Now, here was I, a man with a face full of sensibility, curly hair, a nice sloping forehead, prominent eyes, a large intelligent nose, and mouth expressive of every sentiment except application to business. Clearly I would do for the law. But, then, what was I to do?"

At that moment I heard a gentle knock at the door below.

"Very well," I said, throwing myself on the horse-hair sofa, with my heels up in the air, "perhaps that's a call."

It was Ned Spicer.

Now Ned was a sort of hanger-on to the dramatic world, including in that almost everything in the way of entertainment, down to conjurers and acrobats. Ned made a friend of Ned by lending him a tive once, when his wife was ill, and he was in a terrible hole. He never paid me; but that was another of my judicious investments, for Ned had given me a lot, in his unregenerate days, we used to call the "straight tip" more than once.

"Now, sir," said Ned, as soon as the preliminaries—including glass-and-water—had been adjusted, "do you want to be put up to a good thing?"

"Indeed I do, Ned," I said.

"And you'll be prepared to carry out faithfully what I tell you, without asking any questions?"

I thought for a moment, and then I said, "Yes, I will, Ned."

"And if it turns out a real good thing, you will let me have a slice?"

"I will."

"Then do you know anybody who can lay his hands on a hundred pounds?"

Again I meditated. "I think," I said, "that if I saw my way, I do know a friend who might advance me as much."

"Very well, sir, then you go and get the hundred pounds, and run down to Ludtown by the night train; and at nine o'clock in the morning do you go to No. 15 Sidney street, and see the Secretary of the Philharmonic Hall, and take it for a month. Now don't ask any questions—just you go and do what I tell you."

Ned tossed off his glass of gin, and departed.

I looked at Bradshaw, and saw that there was a train at 9.15 that got to Ludtown about 3 A. M. I had no time to lose in refleeting; and I went for a cab, and was presently on my way.

Ludtown isn't a cheerful place to arrive at under any circumstances, least of all at three o'clock of a drizzly November morning. It doesn't seem a town at all, in fact, as far as streets go, but just a jumble of factories and warehouses, with a few public-houses among them, I thought.

There was an hotel, however, and to that I obtained admittance. At eight o'clock I roused myself with considerable difficulty, and had some tea and stale stuff, and soon found the Philharmonic Hall, a large brick building, without any windows. The secretary had just arrived.

"I wish to engage the hall for a month," I said, without any beating about the bush.

"O, certainly," he said, with a little hesitation, however, scanning me narrowly. "Are you here on behalf of Mr. Shirke?"

"No; I'm here on my own behalf," I said modestly, giving him my card.

"Yes," he said, twiddling it between his thumb and finger. "May I ask for what purpose you want the hall?"

"For an entertainment, I said at hazard. The question took me by surprise. What did I want it for?

"And what is the nature of the entertainment?"

"Magic and mystery—that kind of thing."

"O, yes," he said, "we can't object to that, of course. We are bound to let you the hall, as it is not let to any one else; the rent for the month is two hundred pounds," he said, looking at me severely, as much as to say—I had no money in my pocket.

"Ah, well, that's quite enough for it," I said with nonchalance. "What's the deposit?"

"A hundred pounds."

"I happen to have a Bank of England note of that amount in my pocket," I said, handing out a crisp new £100 note—the proceeds of my guardian's last cheque—"give me a receipt, if you please."

He gave me a receipt on a printed form, and leaving my name and address, I returned to my hotel, after signing a contract to take the hall for a month.

Now it's one of my peculiarities, to which I owe a good deal of my success in life, that I never begin to be frightened till after I've done a rash thing. When there's action going on I'm as steadfast as a rock; but it's the waiting part of the business that tries one; and I was horribly frightened! I never had thrown away my last chance in life. My hundred pounds was gone, and I'd made myself liable for as much more.

There was nothing to relieve the tedium of my anxiety. The coffee-room of the hotel was a long, narrow room, with a fireplace at one end, and the walls covered with a crimson flock paper. A long table was laid out with a white cloth upon it; so many plates and resources for breakfast, so many for dinner. A smaller table at the end of the room held a directory and a Bible. Three windows looked out upon a dirty, narrow street, along which some umbrella-covered individual occasionally tramped, or some heavy wagon, loaded with bales, thundered on its way to the railway station.

The day passed away with leaden hours. I got into a sort of somatone state—dozed at intervals—waking as often with a start. Darkness came on; the lamps began to twinkle along the shopp street. Still I sat by the fire, on a flippery horse-hair chair, heavy with sleep and care; and at last I went right off into a nap.

I awoke at the opening of the door, which let in a great waft of raw, damp air. The gas in the coffee room was not lighted; I was the only guest using the room, and had had it all to myself. A man entered, short, rather short, rigged in a long drab overcoat. He came up to the fireplace, and, putting his elbow on the chimney-piece, began to warm his feet at the fire. He noticed and apologized to himself, and seemed in a very bad temper about something. Presently he rang the bell, and, when the waiter came in, ordered a glass of brandy and water.

"Shall I light the gas?" said the waiter.

"Yes—no, never mind the gas."

I was rather glad of this. It struck me—I didn't know why—that I was destined to have a passage of arms with this gentleman, and I preferred that it should be in the dark. I felt, as the man who, having to fight a duel with a practised shot, awaits anxiously of his privilege to fix the place of meeting, to choose a darkened room. This was no fine real sense in the battle of life. I wasn't sure of my power of command over the facial muscles, and was the more composed that I had the shield of obscurity over my features. "Very well," I said, just as he was leaving the room, pretending to be in a difficulty "bring me a glass of brandy-and-water."

"That'll be two glasses," cried the waiter.

"Let's see—I forget your number, sir."

"Sixty-seven."

"That's the number of the beast, isn't it?" said the stranger, gruffly.

"I think not," I said politely. "I believe three is the appropriate number of that, ahem—functionary.

"I dare say you're right. I'm not good for much at legerdemain and necromancy myself," said the stranger.

"I should judge not; rather belonging to the heavy brigade, I should say."

"Ah!" said the man, looking down upon me with a sort of surprise. "Been here long?"

"Since this morning. Have you been here long?"

"Just come down. Beastly hole, ain't it?"

"I have hardly been here long enough to judge. The inhabitants seem harmless and peaceable."

"That all depends on what you call well disposed; they're not disposed to be humbugged."

"I should not be wondered at; few people indulge that operation voluntarily."

"Ah!" growled my friend, one, more scowling down upon me. "When I said it was a beastly hole," went on the stranger after awhile, seeing that I wasn't disposed to make any further remark, "I meant professionally—from an artistic point of view. Perhaps I have the honor of speaking to a brother artist."

"I don't presume to call myself an artist," I said. "In my humble way I try to amuse and, I hope, to instruct the British public."

The stranger made a wry face, and the brandy and water coming in just then, took a huge gulp of it.

"I always feel an interest, sir," he said, "in youthful talent. My name is Shirke, sir—W. B. Shirke."

I bowed, but did not reciprocate his confidence.

"If in my youth I had possessed a friend who would have given me a little good advice, sir, I should have avoided many a quicksand, many a pitfall, sir; and for that reason," he went on, looking at me keenly, "when I meet with an artless, guileless young thing, who doesn't know the world, I like to help him, if I can."

"That's very kind of you," I said.

"Kind! well, it's my disposition. Now, sir," he said, turning suddenly upon me, "I hope you haven't had any thoughts of opening your entertainment to-night."

"I don't think I mentioned any entertainment," I said, mildly.

"No I understood you, sir—so I understood you; but, if I'm wrong, I apologize."

"You're not wrong as it happens. I no only intend to open my entertainment, but to keep it open for a month."

He held up his hands, and turned his eyes to the ceiling.

"Well, well, if you must open here, take my advice: engage the smallest public room in this hotel; it will cost about fifty; and if you advertise plentifully you may draw about five shillings a night."

"Ah, you see, I've engaged the Philharmonic."

"Philharmonic!" cried the man with a sort of scream. "The Philharmonic—and for a magical entertainment! dear, dear!"

"I didn't say anything about magic, I think."

"Yes, surely—so I understood you, sir; but I'm wrong, I apologize."

"You are not the wrong; without indicating the precise nature of my entertainment, I may say that it is of a somewhat magical character."

"Yes, sir, did they show you the museum when you went to the Philharmonic?"

"No."

"Ah, you ought to have seen that to have heard a lesson. There's the apparatus of Pepp—professor, a pneumatic, an owner, dissolving views—ah, and that's not half—all detained for rent due. It's distressing to see. They make a boast of it too. This is the place for people who are hoping to help fellows, they say—your takers, according to their jargon.

"But they can't do that if you pay the rent in advance, I said.

"Well, you know, sir," said my friend, after a pause, "my heart bleeds to see a young artist so impassed upon. Take my advice, sir, don't run up this disastrous entertainment; it might get somebody to take it off your hands for half the money. Betake yourself to some place where talent is appreciated, where skill is rewarded, and genius—who knows?—may be crowned with the name of W. B. Shirke for ever after."

"But don't you think," said I, looking modestly down upon, "that when the people of Ludtown know that sterling genius is at their doors—"

"They shut and double lock 'em. You don't know the benighted bigotry of the place."

"Well," I said, rising, "to end the discussion, I'm prepared to lose a few hundreds, if I must."

W. B. Shirke made a gesture of disgust, swallowed up the rest of his brandy and water, and departed.

His visit had put me into sufficiently good spirits to order dinner. After dinner I took my seat by the fire once more, with the remains of my pint of sherry on the chimney-piece, and there I stopped till nearly ten o'clock. More than once I thought I'd go and find out Mr. Shirke, and ask him to take my receipt off my hands for fifty pounds. The thought of passing the night in a strange place, in a strange bed, with this load of anxiety on my brain, was dreadful.

Probably everything that Shirke had told me was perfectly true. But even if the people of Ludtown had been mad for entertainments it would have done me no good. I couldn't get up any entertainment at a moment's notice. I thought for a moment, as a last resource, I might open the hall with readings from Shakespeare. For the moment I begin to read out loud I fall into the sing-song snuffling style we used at at school in construing and so on. No, I couldn't attempt Shakespeare. "Half hours with the poets" getting some reversed gait to take the chair, and then having a violent wrestle through, and making him read instead of me. That would put off one night perhaps but be fatal.

Shirke appeared once more with a friend. This time he seemed in a boisterous-like mood. He waited his friend at the table from which the waiter had removed the cloth, as a sort of kind it was time to go to bed, and he himself came up to me very politely.

"I've heard of your name at the bar," he said, "and I have to apologize for having spoken to you as a young beginner. Of course your name is well known to fame as an accomplished conjurer.

"I feel proud to hear it," I said.

"Now I've no hesitation in speaking to you in the most open way, with an artist's frankness. Will you give way to us for the closing months at the Philharmonic? My friend here, my friend, the celebrated actor, Mr. S. W. Coke, and I have arranged a little enterprise in the starting line. This is Mr. Coke's native place, and, with good double, nay, admirable, pride, he is determined here to open the campaign. The whole town will come to him, and the country round for miles. Between us, I don't think you'd draw a dozen a night. No, no, would the ghost of Garrick, sir; no, nor of Shakespeare either, if they came to visit this lowe world. No you see, we're difficulted."

"Ah," I said, with a sigh, "I'm so dreadfully sorry. I, too, have made up my mind to open the campaign here; and I never change my mind except on ample consideration." So saying I took a decanter bodily stick from the table and prepared to light it.

"Well, then, come, sir," said Shirke, "come, sit down, and let's talk it over."

"O, very well," I said with a yawn, "only don't be long-winded, for I'm dreadfully sleepy, and must take care of myself."

"Well, Shirke," said Mr. Coke, rising, "I'll go to bed, and leave you to settle it with this gentleman.

"Very good, sir," said Shirke, getting up to open the door, and putting a candle into Mr. Coke's hand, regarding him tenderly the while as an Indian knight his bee-hive. "You're quite right, sir, good-night."

"Now, come," he cried, sit my down once more, and slapping me on the knee,—"come, let's have a glass together. Now, what are your terms?"

"The hundred pounds deposit back, of course."

"Yes, of course."

"And a fourth share of your net profits. As you will throw me out of my professional arrangements, I don't mind staying here and helping you for the season."

"Say an eighth now, come!" cried Shirke, looking at me with suppressed admiration.

"A fourth, or nothing done."

"Very well," he said, after a moment's reflection. "Your terms are hard, but we must take them. We've had scenery made to fit the hall, and engaged band and performers and everything; only we held out about the hall because we thought nobody would ever take it again, and we wanted to get it at half the usual rent. I admire you courage, sir, and address, and shall be very glad of your co-operation."

Indeed, I did make myself very useful to Mr. Shirke. I kept the accounts, and managed the box office, and took the checks at night, and even came on as a super when I was wanted. We had a most successful campaign, and the end of the month saw us returning to London, and we exceedingly satisfied with the result.

"Now, Tom," said my friend Shirke, putting his hand affectionately on my shoulder, "What was the kind of magic that you proposed to practise at Ludtown?"

"Just this," I said, drawing from my pocket three crisp hundred-pound notes. "A transformation trick, that's all; but the cheapest popular with the British public. This only is the wand I have used."

Shirke laughed till I thought he would have had a fit.

"Pretty well for a beginner," he said at last. "Tom, you shall be my partner."

And that's how I came to be a manager.

THE DESERTED MANSION.

BY MISS COREWALLIS.

There is a pleasure in the melancholy associations which haunt the decaying mansions of greatness. A diamond is left unsoiled amid the ruins—a gem, unbroken amid scattered fragments. The feelings which arise are hallowed with sorrow; the heart may feel a pang of sorrow; but such a sense suggests an interesting theme to a meditative mind. Memory brings back her recollections. The imagination, with pencil in the orient beams of prosperity, and rears from the mouldering pile a structure of beauty and magnificence.

A solitary mansion stood upon the bank of a romantic river which circled its course through the mountains of Spain. The scenery that surrounded it seemed fresh from Nature's hands, and inspired passion and gaiety in the heart. There the magician could wear upon his varied pinions, and the early sentiments of romance could find luxuriant field. The mansion had been scathed and beaten by the storm of years, and though once vocal with songs of the banquet, was now noiseless as the tomb. The woodland, too, where the gay serenade sounded its notes, had lost its charms with the cheerful song. The tones of the impassioned ballad had died away in its gloomy depths, and awful silence reigned in this scene of desolation. The ivy triumph left her beloved retreats, and the Nainal no longer sported upon the sparkling waters of her native river. No human footprints could be traced, for even the memory of man had almost been obliterated. How awful is the stillness of an ancient dwelling when the hand of death has cabbed it of its inmates and left it tenantless and alone. Not even a breeze sighed through its deserted wall, nor did the mournful voice of the night-bird pay a tribute of sympathy. But the shadowed mountains, the dark pendentals, and the crumbling columns, all silently announced that it had been the abode of distinction. Gloomy and sorrowful was the page which that heap of ruins presented. It told a tale of woe.

Happiness and prosperity had once smiled upon that mansion. The halls had been decked with the pageantry of honor. The spirit of chivalry had been nursed and cultivated there, and trophies of victory, though now mouldering age, recall the gallant deeds of a knight-errant. They remind the visitor of the past when the sentiment of honor burned brightly in the Spaniard's eye, and when the cavalier gazed upon the wreath of victory trembling in the fair hand of his beloved, and then rushed into mad-dened combat. But the days of knighthood have passed away—the brilliant armor has become dim, the trophies of triumph are sinking into decay, and the mansion of the cavalier is silent and deserted.

How soon are the objects of beauty to become desolate. At morning they seem arrayed in elegance; at noon they come forth in all imagined splendor; and in pensive evening they sink into decay. But there is a sublimity in fading twilight which the heart alone can feel.

ODDITIES OF ORATORS.

Canning was sure of speaking his best if he rose in an awful funk. To feel his heart beating rapidly, to be frightened at the sound of his own name, to wish the floor would open and swallow him, were signs to Lord Lofton of an oratorical triumph. Most of ordinary rather, however, find fright rather a forerunner of failure. When it fell to Canning's lot to respond to the toast of His Majesty's ministers at Fishmonger's Hall, the company looked for a great speech and an eloquent exposition of his matchless policy. They were doubly disappointed. Canning had no intention of expressing his hand, and, not in the mood for talking much and telling nothing, as Hobbes have a trick of doing, "Gentlemen," said he, "we are invited here to meet the fishmongers. Gentlemen, the fishmongers have dealings with a very large community, from whom baleful I think they might be learning something. I mean the community of fishes. The fish is one of the most unsophisticated animals in creation; it says nothing, and it drinks a good deal. Let us, then, upon the present occasion, as we are to write extend imitate their conjugation, imitate their habits. Let us not waste our breath in talking, but drink a good deal." Quite as extraordinary of speech was the celebrated Grimaldi, who delighted a Newcastle audience by addressing them in this comic fashion: "Ye poets, ye butchers, ye mute inglorious Milltons, ye Cromwells guiltless of your country's blood, give me a sixpenny worth of nutmeg!" "Here he held up a sovereign, "—this is the god you adore—your faithful, unchangeable friend!" Thereupon one enthusiastic Britton shouted, "Long live Nutmeg!" "Long life!" but when it came to polling, only three votes were recorded for the nuffatteering orator. In speaking, as in reciting, a good start is desirable. The effect of a speech was once effected by a newly-elected French deputy. Stepping into the tribune with the air of a man charged with a momentous mission, he exclaimed, in tones of thunder, "I should speak to my country—" Startled into silence by such a solemn exordium, the assembly waited anxiously while the orator brought into the tribune the speech prepared. "It is necessary that I should speak to my country—of cheese!" Of course, he got no farther, and what he wanted to say about cheese remains a mystery. Almost as much sentiment was created in the House of Commons by an Irish member observing, "If the honorable gentleman chooses to challenge me, I am ready to give satisfaction. But as soon as the bullock crossed his mind, he put himself right by saying: "I mean, that if the honorable gentleman challenges my accuracy, I am prepared to the library, and I will show him that he is wrong." *—All the Year Round.*

WHEN TO BE IDLE.

There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to do anything, whether great or small. There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, studies and hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have all our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at this time, or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in occurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed to knit stockings in the dark, or re-thread her needle, at infinite expense of time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small subjects which are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out a pocket-book, or a pen—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impatience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use the minutes, the sense to recognize when time is not worth using in any definite, ostensible way.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

By R. V. Pierce, M. D., President of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

The Liver is the great depurating purifying organ of the human system. It stands at the gate of the portal vein, and, in passing over the surface of the dissecting table of the bodies of those who have died of different diseases, we find, in the majority of cases, the liver has given evidence of having at some time been diseased. Liver affections are equally prevalent in beasts. Every farmer knows that the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine are subject to diseases as much as any other organ. A healthy liver each day secretes about two pints of healthy bile. When it becomes torpid, congested, or, if from any cause, its functions are performed in a lazy fashion, it is evident that the secretion of the bile must remain in the blood, thus irritating, poisoning, and clogging every function. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious elements by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtasked in performing their additional labors, and the result is, we have a sick person.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, becomes over-stimulated with unhealthy blood and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence, there is a loss in healthy impulse, and the memory becomes impaired, the judgment perverted, and the bile must remain in the blood, thus irritating, poisoning, and clogging every function. Nature attempts to rid the system of these noxious elements by means of other organs, as the kidneys, lungs, skin, etc., which become overtasked in performing their additional labors, and the result is, we have a sick person.

The brain, which is the great electrical center of all vitality, becomes over-stimulated with unhealthy blood and fails to normally perform its functions. Hence, there is a loss in healthy impulse, and the memory becomes impaired, the judgment perverted, and the mind a prey to all the gloomy spectres of ill-temper. When the blood is diseased, the skin becomes covered with pimples, blotches, boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors. The stomach and bowels become so disordered that constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, or diarrhœa, is the direful result.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow color of the skin, or yellowish, brown spots upon the face and other parts of the body; dizziness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; dull, heavy pain in the back; bad taste in the mouth; dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; dry hacking cough, sore throat, nostrils; appetite, poor stomach, raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; costiveness and vomiting; dizziness, heaviness, and a bloated or full feeling about the eyes; frequent nightmare; aching pains in the sides, back or breast, and between the shoulders; cold feet and sensations through the bowels; constipation, alternating with diarrhœa; pale flabby tongue; nervousness, tendency of blood to the head; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes; kidney and other urinary difficulties; dullness, languor, and lack of energy; feeling as if some of these symptoms will be likely to be present in any case of bile disease.

TREATMENT.—Take *Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery*, with small doses of his *Pleasant Purgative Pellets*, before you are an alterative on the first. For Liver Complaint and the various affections caused by a diseased liver, these remedies are unsurpassed. The Golden Medical Discovery does not simply palliate the disease, but it produces a lasting effect. By its use, the liver and stomach are changed to an active, healthy state; the appetite is regulated, the blood purified and enriched, and the entire system renovated and restored to health.

The Discovery is sold by druggists. R. V. Pierce M. D., President of World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

As our report, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage, a sample of Dr. Bullmer Elixir, we recommend this.—Send at once.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To Boil Vegetables Green.—Put them into plenty of boiling water which has been salted; keep them quite covered and boiling fast till they are done. To counteract the hardness of the water, should it exist, a little carbonate of soda may be added with the salt.

Plain Buns.—Flour, two pounds; butter, a quarter of a pound; sugar six ounces; a little salt, powdered caraway seeds, and ginger. Make a paste with yeast, four spoonfuls, and a little milk; with a coffee spoon full. A quarter of a pound of well-washed currants may be added.

Confectioner's Jelly.—Isinglass dissolved in water by boiling, and evaporated until it jellies on cooling. In order to render it perfectly transparent, it should be clarified with whites of egg. Sugar, wine, and milk may be added to taste and fancy. Three ounces of good isinglass should make at least a quart of very strong jelly.

Damson Cheese.—Boil the fruit in a sufficient quantity of water to cover it; strain the pulp, and to every pound of pulp add a pound and four ounces of sugar. Boil till it begins to candy on the sides; then pour it into thin moulds. Other kinds of fruit may be treated in the same way, as also cherries, and several kinds of berries.

Sago Soup.—Wash in several waters, and flood off the dirt from six ounces of sago, put it into three quarts of good stock, and let it stew gently for rather more than half an hour, with sago, stirring occasionally, that it may not burn or stick to the stewpan. A quarter of an ounce more of sago to each pint of liquid will thicken it to the consistency of a jelly.

Adulteration of Vinegar.—If brown sugar be adulterated with sand, by no means an uncommon practice, it will be discovered dealers the fraud may be detected by taking a tablespoon full of the suspected sugar, a quantity of the suspected sugar therein. If sand or any similar substance be present, it will fall to the bottom when the solution has stood some time.

Candied Citron Peel.—Soak the peels in water, which must be frequently changed until the bitterness is extracted; then drain and place them in syrup made of sugar, clarified and transparent; the strength of the syrup being kept up by boiling it occasionally with fresh sugar. When they are quite tender, they should be drained and placed on a hair sieve to dry, in a dry and warm situation.

Sugar Beer.—Mash one peck of bran in two gallons of boiling water for two hours. Mix with the wort, add one pound of moist sugar, and boil it with a quarter of a pound of hops. Let the liquor be cooled, and little yeast. It may be put into the cask the next day, and in three days more it may be bottled down. At the expiration of six or eight days it will be fit to drink. This beer will not keep long.

Almond Water.—Blanch five ounces of sweet and two of bitter almonds, pound them in a mortar, adding a few drops of water occasionally, to prevent their becoming oily; set a pint of spring to boil, and throw in the pounded almonds, and all together a minute; then set it at the corner to simmer for a quarter of an hour, it is then ready to be strained through a fine sieve for use. When required, add any quantity of cold water according to taste or direction, to make it palatable.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take four pounds of raspberries, pour over them half a pint of vinegar, place it in an earthen jar, and cover it securely, so that no air can enter, and place it in a sunny place for twelve hours; take it in at night, and place it out again in the sun the next day for another twelve hours. Then place in a flannel bag, till the juice has run through without pressure. Then for every pound of juice take a pound of loaf sugar, and boil it for a quarter of an hour, or till the scum arises; then put it into small bottles and well cork it.

Mulligatawny Soup.—This Indian dish is admired by many. The meat may be either veal, rabbit, or fowls. Cut a brace of veal have the bones cracked in two or three pieces, put it into a stewpan, cover it with water, and, when it is rather more than half done, cut off as much meat as you wish for the soup, and boil the bones and the remainder of the meat well down to make stock soup; let this stand until cold, and then remove the fat, cut the meat into small pieces, and fry them in butter, with four onions sliced small, flavored, two dessert spoonfuls of curry-powder, a little Cayenne pepper and salt, put them into the stewpan, and add the stock gravy, with three or four cloves and a good tablespoonful of lemon-juice; let the whole simmer for half an hour, and serve up with some plain boiled rice in a separate dish.

Apple Tart.—Peel and cut two dozen russet apples in slices, which put into your tart dish, interspersing them with lemon peel, free from pith, cut into strips, six cloves, and a little grated nutmeg; build the apples up in a dome to the centre of your dish, and cover over with half a pound of powdered sugar, then have ready half a pound of puff paste made as directed, will be sufficient for a tart quarter of an inch in thickness, laying it round the rim of the dish, roll out the remainder of the paste to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and lay enough to cover the tart, wet the band of paste upon the dish with a little water, lay the cover gently over, pricking a hole with your knife at the top to let out the air, cutting it gently at the edge, which trim neatly with a knife, cut the top into a neat form, ornament and place in a moderate oven to bake, which will take about an hour; just before taking from the oven, sift a little sugar over, and let remain until melted, forming a nice glaze over the tart, which may be served either hot or cold.

Decoction of Sassafras.—The peculiar medicinal properties of Sassafras have long been acknowledged, and it has justly been ranked amongst the most powerful agents which nature has furnished us with for the cure of scurvy, scrofula, obstinate rheumatic affections, and in venereal complaints it has been employed with very great success. Sassafras is the principal ingredient in decoction, syrup, powder and essence, but experience has proved that the essence is preferable to the most convenient as well as the best preparation. The decoction, when properly prepared, is a useful mode of taking this medicine, but, as it will not keep for more than one or two days, it has its objections. Wulfsgelm an excellent mode of preparing the decoction. Take of sassafras root, sliced, four ounces; boiling water, four pints. Macerate for four hours in a vessel tightly covered and placed in a warm place. Add of the sassafras, one ounce. Return it again for four hours more. Add of the sassafras, one ounce. Return it again for four hours more. Add of the sassafras, one ounce. Return it again for four hours more. Add of the sassafras, two ounces

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PHILADELPHIA
1821
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NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

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A NEW STORY!

In our next issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be commenced a new and brilliant story,

"THE LILY OF ST. ERNE!"

by the popular AUTHOR of "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," &c.

This is a picturesque and fascinating story, rich in conception, and replete with graphic incidents, and cannot fail to interest all true lovers of classical fiction.

WHY MEN FAIL.

It is a question of practical importance why so many industrious men fail to reap success in life.

There are, within the circle of everyone's acquaintance, men who rise early and toil late; who never stop for a breathing spell; who treasure every moment of precious time as misers cherish gold, and yet, after all, never secure any grand results.

There are politicians, apparently, with energy enough, and brains enough, to rank among the world's greatest statesmen, who never succeed in reaching the office of constable.

There are farmers, apparently, with muscle enough and industry enough, to store great garners with the richest products of the soil, who never make sufficient corn to fatten a beef.

There are lawyers, apparently, with learning enough and activity enough, to grace with honor the Judicial Bench, who scarcely own a brief during a decade.

There are merchants, apparently, with shrewdness enough and "push" enough, to become princes in their business, who never rise above the level of an ordinary shopkeeper.

Well may young men, choosing life long companionship with arduous avocations, ponder on the seeming insufficiency of human energy to achieve lasting success.

The truth is, the majority of men fail to distinguish between true energy and mere activity. It is one thing to be an active man; it is quite another to be an energetic one.

Energy does not consist in the simple development of mental or muscular force.

It is something beyond this; something higher, something grander.

Energy must be characterized with a purpose; it must be a steady purpose and a single one, and its pursuit must be uniform, systematic and persistent.

Those who work for the sake of being industrious, regardless of any particular object, may as well decide to revel forever in the woods of poverty.

To have a definite aim in life, and to live for its accomplishment, is not only the policy, but the duty of every one. Whether it be exalted or humble; whether it fires the breast of the nobleman, or burns 'neath the tattered garb of the peasant, matters little, so that it be fixed and pure and noble.

No man can be ultimately successful unless he lives with such an object in view, and upon its attainment centers his noblest affections.

A great many individuals fail because they know not where to work or how to work.

It is a sad mistake to imagine that we should be always busy. Perpetual motion is elegant food for theory, but it doesn't make good practical diet.

The muscles of the body and the faculties of the mind require rest and ease, just as the flowers require moisture and sunshine.

The man, who matures his plans beforehand, and conducts his after efforts with a systematic energy, accomplishes more in five years than the galvanic worker in a lifetime.

A man of erratic activity constitutes a less useful element to society, than he who never wants to do anything; for in the former case the mental abilities are worn out, the moral senses are misdirected, and the lessons of humanity misapplied.

He who would succeed must work, but work at the proper time, and work with a purpose; a purpose that is stable, a purpose that is pure, a purpose that is ennobling, a purpose, the accomplishment of which will place his initials among the immortal names, that leave behind them the sweet memory of departed worth.

SHALL WE BE AMUSED.

Philippics against theatrical amusements are dying out, and the world is happier for it. Humanity, prone to lose sight of the general sense and teachings of amusements, and to build up systems of ethics, and even religion, upon exceptions, has about relinquished that unhappy disposition.

It was faulty from the first, but only recently has intelligence brushed the cobwebs from it, and sensible people are not afraid that atheistic principles will spring up as a counterpoise.

Bigotry was epidemic, but the mantle of the Delphic priesthood have fallen on the shoulders of a truer and braver class of writers, and sectarian zeal has been extinguished.

Because a few may have met a destruction of character, that might possibly be traced, by the sheer force of a wrenched imagination, to their love of amusements, is no reason why we should proclaim a sweeping declaration against the theatre.

It is a question whether those persons, who are in the habit of decrying *all* amusements as immoral, are not moved thus by false, or at least partial, views of things, and whether they do not by rigid rules and prosaic maxims, with the best and most praiseworthy intentions, accomplish injury to society. It is worthy a thought at least.

Such narrow views only show the partial and accidental, to the entire exclusion of the general, good.

Some people are determined to see only the worst side of life. Obviously, this is a great error.

Amusements as a means of intellectual enlightenment; as a means of social advancement and moral development, perform a more important part, and achieve a more important result than many are willing to acknowledge.

The State in ancient times esteemed it a sacred duty to provide amusement for the people—the masses.

It is a great mistake in teacher and reformer, to thump humanity. Nothing has retarded the progress of the temperance cause more than the pugilistic spirit of temperance reformers. Human nature cannot be coerced in this day of universal intelligence.

We can only present facts and leave them, alone, to reach the understanding.

Who, that has examined into this matter of amusements, can at all doubt, that the Drama has been on the whole beneficial to the world. The plays of the old Grecian Poets teach the sublimest and loftiest virtue; and no one could have witnessed the performance of the "Alcestes," of Euripides, without being convinced that Truth was eternal; convinced that Love, which endureth, hopeth, suffereth all things, which inspires an absolute renunciation of self, was a reality.

But, it may be said, the modern stage does not teach such lessons. Admit that innovation has distorted the supremacy of the classic school, and that the modern stage is full of faults and besetting sins, but in all legitimate modern plays, truth and lessons in morality, running parallel with life as we live it, are found and may be learned.

Actors of to-day may not be repositories of great principles; they may not possess a body of sacred traditions handed down through generations, yet they are nearer the life we live, and they cannot impersonate character without telling us truth.

To say nothing of amusements as a means of instruction, they are needed to counteract the materializing, and almost brutalizing, tendencies of business; for there is nothing so destructive to intellectual vigor, nothing which so withers the affections, and annihilates the sensibilities, as the sole pursuit of gain.

The love of amusement lies deep down in the sensitive nature of man, and is attached to the noblest emotions of his being. He is ever yearning to break away from the cold reality of life, from its selfishness and narrowness, and plunge into the realm of dreams, where imagination brings around him those brilliant and perfect dramas he seeks in vain for in reality.

A sound philosophy teaches us that many of the elements of true life, elements that nourish the soul, and minister to human progress, are born in the imagination.

ACTIVE measures at the Centennial—half-pints of lager.

NON-SUITED—the man whose clothes were sold by the Constable.

SLANDER on Boston—that whiskey gets crooked going through its streets.

A MAN growing bald, like a Scotchman who has lost his bands, finds it hard to come to the scratch.

SELF LOVE—Amativeness. Old bachelors usually have it bad; it can be cured by cutting off the left I.

BRASS band ditty—"Hold the Fort." A brass banditti held it under our window for half an hour the other night.

WHAT a pity that some of you fellows who have brains enough to see the point of the jokes in this column, haven't honesty enough to give credit to the articles copied from the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Come, give our devil his due.

WHAT an opportunity for Darwin to collect facts at our Centennial. The insects of all nations are here in fierce struggle for life, and there is great variation of species. Of course the fittest will survive. An Arkansas man thinks the bug he fit at a twenty-five cent lodging house will be one of them.

LOVE'S SONG.

BY DELMADE.

My love, my life, I give thee all I own
Of love and faith and trust divine;
I place my hopes, my faith on thee alone,
Knowing full well thy heart is mine.
Purer than e'er my fondest fancy thought,
Dearer than life itself art thou;
True, pure and holy is the love I've brought
To lay it at thy feet and bow.

Oh, love! oh, life! to know indeed I'm thine,
That pain, nor sorrow nor distress
Can ever bid us part, or I resign
My right to comfort and to bless;
To know thy every thought is all my own,
And feel that on thy loving breast
I have a home—oh, love! oh, life! alone
In thee can my tired heart find rest!

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

It is our pleasant task to notice the Canadian exhibit in this letter.

Situated as this country is, just north of our own, it seems almost to be one with us, or perhaps, it would better express the feeling Americans have to it, by considering it as a link between England and ourselves.

The appearance that this country makes in the Main Building, is undoubtedly imposing.

A handsome arch, ornamented with the National colors and flags, and bearing the inscription,

DOMINION OF CANADA,

marks the entrance to the varied and creditable exhibit.

It lies between England and the Colonies in the Main Building. To enumerate the articles displayed, would require larger space than we can give; yet we trust in our mention of such, we may convey a just idea of their importance, and number.

We are very much pleased with the fine specimens of organs and pianos shown.

Of the former, are two, which have struck us as being markedly deserving of notice.

One is very handsomely carved; having the Royal arms in the centre of the panel above the key-board. The latter being supported upon two griffins. This organ has ten stops, and is principally noticeable for the fine decorations and carving of the case.

The other is in a plainer case, but possesses great sweetness and depth of tone, and has no less than fifteen stops. These are upright and square pianos, that will compare well with other makes; and a curious old violincello dating back as far as 1712.

We should greatly have liked to hear this last named instrument played upon, since it is said of it, as well as of the violin, that age but adds to the richness and pathos of the tone; that the very wood seems to become incorporated with the music of the years.

A little further on, and another kind of musical rhythm falls upon our ears. It comes from the Sewing Machine section, and to it we wend our footsteps.

Here is a diminutive busy little worker, "going it alone"—or at a first glance, seeming to do so, for it is perched up near a corner, and has no table or stand. Certain wires attract the eye, and following them with the glance, we find a square box, at the ends, on the floor; also certain little knobs up near the machine. It is run by electricity, a small battery being attached, which, when charged, will keep the machine running a month. The little knobs are for regulating the speed. We inquired the name, and find it to be the "Little Wanzer." Within the enclosure are handsomely decorated specimens of the larger kinds attached to tables like other varieties, and called simply "The Wanzer." We may not pass on without giving a description of the kinds of work it is capable of doing, and also the manner of doing it.

It has a reversible feed, can sew either backwards or forwards. Can darn a hole in the neatest and strongest possible manner. Can sew upon lace or leather. In setting the needle, the presser foot can be turned entirely away so that a clear space is afforded. And to our way of thinking, it has the neat advantage over others, of being very simple, having no complicated machinery. Makes a beautiful lock-stitch, and by removing the band from the winding wheel, the machinery can be turned up from the table and cleaned or oiled thoroughly. We have never seen a more complete machine. Mr. Wanzer received the Royal Diploma at Vienna, besides being knighted for services rendered there; and also received from the Emperor Francis Joseph, "The Iron Cross," besides many other marks of honor in the form of gold and silver medals, at other exhibitions. The book of instructions, accompanying it, is printed in thirty-two different languages. It is a pleasure to inquire of so amiable and intelligent a young lady as is the one who is in attendance, and who operates upon the machine.

It is a great pity that this courtesy is not more general among the attendants and employes connected with the different exhibits of "the Centennial," as people call it. Much may be urged in extenuation of this lack of courtesy in replying to questions, etc., "that the majority of people are given to asking foolish or needless questions," "that one wearies of replying," etc. To all of which we say, that if persons who have voluntarily sought the positions of exhibitors of articles, employes in charge, and the like, did not expect to be asked many and often foolish questions, they had not considered the business they were undertaking, and were in consequence, unfit for it. There is such a noticeable lack of properly descriptive tables upon articles exhibited, that one has no other resort than to ask explanation from the person in charge—disagreeable as often is the result of so rash an act. We believe from personal observation and experience, that much injury has been done to the interests of those who have exhibits in the buildings, by the persons they have employed to take charge of, and explain them. The churlishness of some, (these are generally men;) the flippant impudence of others, (these are generally women,) has driven away many an one from something in which he or she felt a sufficient interest to have purchased, or else have given such a mention of it, as would have brought it before the public, who otherwise might have passed it by.

We do not mean to be unnecessarily severe; but so marked an evil needs to be plainly mentioned and put down.

We can truly affirm, that no such experience awaited us while going through the Canadian section. Courteous answers, and intelligent explanations were most freely given. As may be supposed, there is a large and complete list of furs.

The collection comprises the skin as prepared for the furrier—the pelt, as the traders call it. There are very fine specimens of

HUDSON BAY SABLE,

of mink, fox, and other well known varieties. In one case is a fine head of a Moose Elk. An imposing looking Caput it is too, with the wide brandishing horns, and long, solemn visage.

We notice some finely dressed and dyed seal skins, made up into sacques, caps, muffs, etc. Also an excellent imitation of the seal fur. Some of the fur articles shown are of Indian manufacture.

Another case contains more shoes, a small mount sled, moccasins, gloves, and straw work, all of Indian handi-work, and very interesting. The snow shoes have a frame work of strong, but light wood, filled in with a net work of what seemed to be catgut strings, but which we suppose are fine strips of undressed hide. Buckskin straps fasten them about the ankle, and across the foot.

The runner sled was simply a plank of pine or maple, curved up and over at one end to form a sort of shelter for the head, and also to facilitate the movement of the sled over the frozen snow fields. The

INDIAN EMBROIDERY

upon buckskin and birch bark, is really beautiful. The coloring of and evenness of the quill and bead work, are in some instances artistic, and have not that glaring, crude appearance, which characterizes most of their work.

In saddles, bridles, and

HORSE EQUIPMENTS

generally, Canada is "strong." There are wooden frames, in the form of a skeleton of a horse, upon which are placed blankets and harness, which will bear very close inspection and compare favorably with any we have seen.

The Ladies' saddles are really beautiful, one being quilted and stuffed until it has a model of ease and elegance.

There are also very pretty

PLEASURE CARRIAGES

to be seen—a Victoria Phaeton and double half Landau, striking us as being well worthy of commendation.

As a matter of course sleighs appear in every form, from the great double or family sleigh, capable of holding as large and jolly a party as one could conceive on a clear December night, to the light and stylish cutter, a "close fit" for two, and suitable especially for Edwin and Angelina, or other amiable lunatic couples who affect moonlight evenings, and sigh for congeniality and sympathy.

The good housewife will find herself amply repaid by making a tour of inspection among the many useful articles of

TIN, JAPANNED WARE, CHINA, WOODEN WARE, ETC.

The wooden ware is especially attractive, there being tubs, buckets, trays, etc., of two kinds of wood, dark and light inlaid.

There is an ingenious attachment for the sides of tubs and buckets, which steadies them.

Brooms, whisks, and brushes of all descriptions abound, together with a fine assortment of galvanized wire work.

In hardware the display is attractive. The glittering steel of the axes and hoes, the smooth polished wood of the handles, the shining links of the chains, all combine to form quite a picture of brightness and glitter.

Among the drugs and such like articles we find much of interest. The

MEDICINE CHESTS

for ships are remarkably complete, having compartments for everything, from a large bottle down to the tiniest vial.

In Trunks there are some finely constructed ones of rich russet leather, with wooden or canvas covered trays, and the most excellent arrangements for packing things great and small, things breakable or liable to crush, and also articles that require room, and are usually so troublesome to dispose neatly away.

The mirrors are handsome, one being shown having a cement back, which is said to be very durable.

The stoves are in great variety and of all manner of shapes, from the large range to the small sheet-iron stove of cylindrical form, suitable for an attic room, the refuge of a desolate bachelor or maiden of "uncertain summers." The

PNEUMATIC FIRE EXTINGUISHER

seems possessed of admirable qualities, being portable, and also powerful, when applied to its legitimate use.

An attractive case containing oils in different stages and colors, made from crude petroleum, stands beside the metals.

One sees also paraffine oil, axle oil, paraffine cakes and candles, the latter of a beautiful tint, and semi-transparent.

But nothing can be more interesting than the display of minerals, spar, and specimens of marble and slate. To commence with the last, the strength of a sheet of slate, such as is used for black-boards and roofing, there is one shown about three and a half feet long, and three-eighths of an inch in thickness, which has supported since the opening of the Centennial, a square block of granite weighing 172 pounds, the slate sheet resting upon slight pieces of wood, just strong enough to keep it in place. The gentleman in attendance assured us that one day to test further the strength of the slate, a man weighing nearly 200 pounds stood upon the granite block and still no impression was made upon the slate.

In this section is shown what is termed amethyst fluor spar, and pyrites agates, and rose-tinted quartz. The amethyst ones are of a pale tint, but very pretty, and we are told are susceptible of great polish.

A monster piece of

GRAPHITE, OR PLUMBAGO,

from Buckingham, Province of Quebec, is shown, taking up the space of a good sized case "all to itself," and only weighing 4,870 pounds. "It would make a few lead pencils," remarked a bystander.

A glittering pyramid arrests the eye; it is surmounted by an [illegible] dress. Is it Cheops in miniature and gala dress, come to grace the Centennial? Not exactly the Cheops of which we wot, but the representative of a more valuable pyramid than the grey old monster who dreams away his centuries amid the burning desert sands, and guards the sacred bones committed to his care.

This one represents the total production of gold in British Columbia during the last eighteen years; while the octohedron embodies the annual amount produced by the mines of that country. The Cariboo, the Omineca and the Cassiar mines being the ones to present one.

A BAR OF FINE SILVER

from the Eureka mine, Hope, British Columbia, is shown, weighing 114 pound 10 ounces. Three coal columns, the largest measuring three feet square at the base and twelve feet in height, are standing in fine relief back of the golden pyramid. This large one is from Albion mine, Picton Co., Nova Scotia.

A strange sight to American eyes is the collection of casts in sealing wax of the great seals of England, from the seal used by Edward the Confessor, A. D. 1041, and the seal of William the Conqueror, 1066, to the one in present use, 1876. They are attached to blue ribbon, and are of the regular sizes, some idea of the weight and magnitude of which may be gathered when we "tell as 'twas told us," that some contained no less than two pounds of sealing wax! Weighty documents these to which such seals attach themselves.

The display of stuffed native beasts and birds is good. The beaver and porcupine being among the former, and an odd looking monkey. Among the birds is the largest and handsomest swan we have ever seen; so stately, so white, so regal, is to draw the fairy-like boat in the weird Lohengrin.

In the

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

there is an excellent completeness and variety; two or three models of school houses being shown, and the interior of one in miniature—the tiny desks and chairs arranged with a neatness and precision charming to see, and suggestive of Lilliput in size. The maps are large and well executed, many having rivers and mountains in relief. An atlas of the fourteenth century is shown.

The philosophical and chemical apparatus is very full, the closest attention having been given to the details.

Some specimens of decorative painting are shown which deserve attention. These are panels representing inlaid woods, and inlaid marbles, so perfect in coloring, in grain and polish, as almost to be undistinguishable from that which they imitate, even upon a close inspection.

In the Art Gallery Annex are some excellent oil and water-color paintings. One of the former, called "Morning Visits on the Ottawa," and another—"Beware! I knew a Maiden Fair to See. Take Care!" The first by Jacobi, the last by J. C. Forbes, are especially beautiful. To single out a few were to be invidious, where so much excellence appears; yet want of space obliges us to give only a passing notice. In water-colors, there are several by C. S. Millard, of no common degree of merit, while one by Hoch, entitled the "Old Mill in the Woods," cannot be passed with a cursory glance.

IN AGRICULTURAL HALL

there are fine exhibits of machinery for farm, with specimens of cereals, preserved meats and fruits, starch, sugar and syrups, leather, glue, canned and pickled fish and the crustaceans, cheese, hops and tobacco, with articles made from some of the above staples.

The display of timber, in sections, and turned wood, is indeed beautiful. The

CANADIAN LOG HOUSE

is a curiosity in itself, the number of different woods used in building it being no less than thirty odd, while within the exhibit of woods it is only equalled by that in the California building.

IN MACHINERY HALL

may be seen many large machines used for gold and silver mining; also, for chemical manufactures, for rock drilling, for turning and moulding; a portable saw mill being exhibited; water wheels and engines, steam and gas engines; with everything in the way of machinery appertaining to ship building. Many handsome models of steamers and sailing vessels, large and small boats, being shown.

In the

WOMEN'S PAVILLION

there is a creditable array of paintings on silk screens, on bark; pencil drawings and water-colors; some lovely moss pictures; all kinds of embroidery and lace work. A parasol cover and handkerchief wrought by a Mrs. Wickstead, of Ottawa, being especially worthy of note, for careful detail and artistic design.

Mrs. French, of Prescott, contributes a book of Canadian autumn leaves, which are possessed of a brilliancy not seen in more southern latitudes.

In concluding our notice of the Canadian exhibits, we can say with truth that if our readers find it as interesting to peruse as we have to write about, our labor shall not have been in vain.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICE

of things seen at the Exhibition.

In the Women's Pavillion there is something so worthy of being seen, so odd in material, if we may so term that from which it is wrought, that we cannot but call the attention of those who have not yet seen it. It is a head in relief, modelled in butter, in a milk pan, by a lady, with just such implements as were at hand. It is called

DREAMING IOLANTHE,

and represents a charming female head, reclining in happy slumber, if one may judge of her thoughts by the lovely smile which even in sleep curved her lips. Nothing more exquisite could be imagined than the outlines of this face, and it seems a pity that so beautiful and ideal a conception should not at once be tranferred to durable material. The golden hue of the butter gives a warmth of tone, which the cold white of the marble lacks, but it is so perishable.

We heard so excellent a witticism concerning it that we cannot omit it. In speaking of it to a friend, the question was put, "What type were the features?" "Grecian," we replied. "Not easy to be anything else, in a high state of thermometer, but Greasian," remarked the querist.

There are some of the handsomest lace shawls in the

FRENCH DEPARTMENT,

Main Building, ever seen in this country. One of Chantilly, has a centre cluster of fern leaves and roses, with buds and foliage that seems almost to be from fairy looms; so fine, so light and yet each curve and line so clear, each shade so marked.

Quite a number of Chinese students of ages from nine upwards to sixteen are "doing" the Exhibition. It is a very interesting sight to watch their bright faces as they dart about here and there.

The Graphic Company have a Bremner machine, a printing press for printing their wood engravings and letter press upon, driven by a gas engine, and on exhibition in the British Department, Main Building. Upon a screen the celebrated sketches by the artists connected with that paper are shown, some of them are of great merit. Among them is a head and shoulders of Miss Thompson, the painter of the "Roll Call" done by L. Ward. She has a sweet intellectual face, very gentle and womanly in outline.

A fine pavillion in this section is set apart for the display of work done by the

ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART AND NEEDLE WORK,

of which Her Majesty, the Queen, is the patron, and H. R. H., the Princess Christian, of Schleswig Holstein, is President.

The embroidery upon satin for hangings, etc., the screens and cushions are in rare designs, and of artistic patterns.

The Princess Louise has furnished designs for some of the needle work, and also the Princess Christian. Such examples of industry set by royal personages should cause a blush to rise on the cheeks of many of our fair daughters of ease and luxury who cannot lift their dainty fingers to braid their tresses, or fasten their dainty French Bottines—the work we have noticed being of so intricate and correct patterns as really to require much thought and study, and no little manipulation to produce.

Handwork naturally suggests machines, those lighteners of working-women's toils—apropos of which our attention has been called to an improvement made in them by an American firm. It is especially adapted to the making of boots and shoes and the stitching of pocket-books, cabas, etc. By a reversible motion of the feed, the ends of the threads are fastened off by forming a double row of stitches at the end, making a very strong seam. It is called the

CIRCULAR FEED MACHINE,

and the agent for sale of it—Mr. Alonzo Stoops—may be found on South Eighth street, No. 23. We are told that patches and elastic sides may be sewed on boots and shoes after the soles are on, which is, indeed, a novel and useful feature, and will commend itself to those interested in such things. Always something new appearing to aid in the performance of manual labor.

We must commend to busy housewives the pretty flat, or as some term them, sad irons, on exhibition in the Women's Pavillion. They are shown in plain, polished, nickel plated styles, and some in sets of three, having a patent wooden handle, which adapts itself to any of the sizes and slips in grooves prepared for it. It obviates the necessity for a "holder," that troublesome little article which has such a way of getting lost when wanted.

Within the iron is a composition of fire brick and other material which retains the heat and is moreover a non-conductor. The pointed ends and thickness of the irons have advantages over the old styles, readily seen.

In this same building are some rare specimens of

STRAW EMBROIDERY.

An altar cloth has the letters I. H. S., so beautifully done that they seem painted at a distance, and near seem woven in.

Among the curiosities of women's ingenuity, is the specimens of folded linen, done by the German nuns. A piece of linen laundried is shown, having a pattern covering the surface, of arabesque and geometrical figures, in centre of which are the letters standing for *Jesus Hominium Salvator*, all done by hand. It seems incredible, but we are told that flocks of sheep are represented, doves, and even human faces by the same method.

There is a noticeable increase of visitors from the different States, since the pleasant days of a moderate temperature have set in.

Nothing can be more delightful than the air across the river and thick groves of the Park and beside the lake in the grounds. We advise all who have not seen the Exhibition, to take advantage of September and October, the loveliest months in this part of the country.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

Of Addison's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at school in his father's neighborhood, and was then sent to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks, do not harmonize very well with what is known of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a "barring-out," and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till, after a long search, he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men. There is abundant proof that, whatever Addison's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the University, but carried thither a classical taste, and a stock of learning, which would have done honor to a Master of Arts. At Magdalene, where he attended College, he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings, by the shyness of his manners, and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined, and in the summer of that year he set out on his travels through southern and western Europe, returning to England, upon the news of his father's death, about the close of the year 1703.

Addison died June 17, 1719, of dropsy, aged forty-seven years. His last moments were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law, is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die." The piety of Addison was of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings, is gratitude. God was to him the All-wise and All-powerful friend, who had watched over his cradle with a care transcending maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them. On that goodness, to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear.

DIG.

BY S. A. H. MOSS.

Just now there seems to be a lack, not only of money but of work, and many a man who would be glad to dig cannot get a chance to do even that. Still there are those, and they constitute the majority, who will not dig, who wouldn't dig if they were sure of finding a hidden treasure thereby; who idly sit with folded hands and wait for something to turn up, sighing meanwhile: "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed." Still somebody must dig. Even Adam who, had the whole world to himself and family—yes, even Adam had to dig, just to secure a living.

Take up your spade then, and bravely face the music of it. Dig, dig, dig.

Don't wait for your rich uncle to die, or your revered grandmother to leave you a fortune; neither allow your wife and children to support you. While you have the use of life and limb, begin here and now to dig.

Don't imagine you can't, for you can and will if you must.

It is just as true now as it ever was, that "he who would dazzle must dig," and he who would not dazzle cannot, of course, reasonably expect to do less.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

Virtue rarely passes unrecognized by the world. A few distorted optics may fail to recognize her features; but it would be as easy to conceal the face of the noonday sun under a mask, as her resplendent features. The dark face of vice is far easier of disguise. Not a vizard-shop but supplies a hundred varnished faces, smiling and serene, to conceal her deformities from the unwary. In the familiar scenes of society, many a man passes through life, not only with his errors unsuspected, but disguising his very faults in the semblance of virtues. There is a sort of stupid equanimity which is invariably taken for good temper. It listens unmoved to revilings—it supports the crosses of life without murmur—it resembles good temper as pewter resembles silver. Obstinacy in the same manner dignifies itself by sporting the Roman toga of firmness.

NEWS NOTES.

THE Prince of Wales is breaking down in health.

NEW York has more than thirty miles of river front.

A WHITE frost in various parts of Michigan last week.

SHEEP are now selling in some parts of Oregon at $1 a head.

HEREAFTER twenty-five cents will be the Saturday admission fee.

THE number of day laborers in the United States is estimated at 1,000,000.

MR. MOODY'S revival sermons have been printed in the Madagascar language.

THE Centennial Bank is not only a very great convenience, but a great success.

THE soda-water stands should pay a large profit. One has already cleared $27,500.

NEAR the Sandwich Islands the temperature affects the water for 200 fathoms in depth.

THE Washington Monument Society has decided to transmit the property of the society to the government.

IT is stated that correspondents who have been writing unfriendly to Servia have been ordered to leave the country.

THE profits of the Continental, Philadelphia, since May, are figured at a little less than seventy thousand dollars.

STANLEY continues to remark that for "longness" the Nile is head and shoulders in lead of any river in the world.

GARABALDI considers the Slavonian cause that of civilization, and says so in a flaming letter to the Slavonian youth.

THE New York police continue to advertise Sunday beer at Gilmore's Garden by arresting a few of the bar-keepers weekly.

GRASSHOPPERS are still very thick in the vicinity of Omaha, doing a good deal of damage to vegetables and corn planted late.

KING John of Abyssinnia claims to be descended from that lady who was so amazed by the genius of Solomon—the Queen of Sheba.

THE magnificent vases in the Egyptian department have been sold to Mr. Childs. It is said the gentleman will pay $18,000 for the set.

EDITH MAY, the survivor of the Mohawk disaster, is spoken of as "the most observed and handsomest lady" at White Sulphur Springs.

DESPITE the times, the official returns show a decrease of pauperism in England and Wales the present year, as compared with 1875.

ONE hundred recruits, to join the army of Generals Crook and Terry in the hostile Indian country, left New York recently for Cheyenne.

PEACHES measuring six inches in circumference have been raised in the garden of State Treasurer Fisher, of Florida, in Tallahasse.

THE ladies of Philadelphia are to give several grand entertainments during the fall and winter, to meet any possible deficiency at the close.

HAPPY London has a law which compels organ-grinders to cease playing whenever told to do so by a resident of the disturbed neighborhood.

A SWEDE, who went to Salt Lake several years ago to live, has become insane because his four daughters, one after the other, married the same Mormon.

THE Emperor of China has forbidden the emigration of his subjects to Spanish colonies, because the coolies in Cuba are treated no better than slaves.

A VIRGINIA lady, whose husband died two years ago, has since that time, with the aid of her six daughters, successfully cultivated a farm of over 200 acres.

AN autograph inspecter announces that since July 1st 50 baronets, 75 counts, 550 barons and 1550 "honorables" have registered at one of the Niagara hotels.

A PLAN to make Mount Vesuvius practically useful has been broached in London. It is nothing else than to convert the crater into a receptacle for dead bodies.

No case of yellow fever has occurred this season on any of our naval vessels—even those on the South Atlantic and Gulf stations being exempt from the disease.

THE Hon. Warren Loring, of Medway, Mass., who was the first man to introduce the late Vice President Wilson into politics, died the other day in the poor house.

IT is said that King Alfonso is an early riser, a hard worker, and a close student, particularly of French and English history. His amusements are riding and hunting.

THE Molly Maguire prisoners, Munley, McGehan, Carroll, Roarity and Boyle, recently convicted of the murder of Policeman Yost at Tamaqua, were sentenced to death at Pottsville.

THE Boston Journal charges that Adjutant General Cunningham, of Massachusetts, received bribes from a firm which furnishes supplies to the State. Governor Rice has appointed a committee to investigate the matter.

JOHN E. ALEXANDER, of Jackson county, Ill., who has long been known as the most extensive cattle dealer in the Mississippi Valley, died recently. He left life insurance policies amounting in the aggregate to $90,000.

THE New York Corporation Council reported to the Board of Aldermen yesterday that their body had no power to pass an ordinance requiring parties selling goods by sample in that city to pay a license, and that if any such law existed it could not be constitutionally enforced.

MRS. FANNIE HALL, of Warner county, Ga., near Pond Springs, gave birth to a child with two heads, one red and one black, two backbones, two hearts and two stomachs, three arms and four hands and two legs. Dr. Price, the attending physician, says it was two children from the waist up and one from there down!

HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, United States Minister to Mexico, writes to the Secretary of State that Mexico is abundantly able to produce all the coffee used in the United States, and of the finest quality. He says that in the production of coffee alone the country has a source of wealth far greater than her mines of gold and silver.

MR. DISRAELI is to be elevated to the peerage, but will remain Prime Minister. Sir Stafford Northcote will become the leader of the House of Commons. It is the general impression that the Conservatives are weakened by the change; but Mr. Disraeli is physically unable to sustain the labor of the leadership of the House. It is rumored that other cabinet changes will be made after the propagation, namely: Right Hon. Sir Charles B. Adderly, baronet, President of the Board of Trade, and Lord John Manners, Postmaster-General, are to be offered peerages.

TO A BIRD.

BY LOUISE CLARISSE.

Sweet little bird on yonder bough,
 Soaring gently high and low;
Come hither, do not fear me now,
 Tell me all I long to know.

Tell me if, in thy palace high,
 Where thou sittest with thy mate,
Art thou so near the cloudless sky,
 Thou can'st see through heaven's gate?

And dost thou know the morning star,
 And the sun's eternal throne?
Ah, yes! I see thee fly afar,
 To the realms that are unknown!

It is thy pretty, feathered wing
 Bears thee all across the sea.
Ah! now I cannot hear thee sing;
 Wilt thou ne'er return to me?

Oh! I am lonely—life is weary,
 Would that I, like thee, were free;
For all my days are dark and dreary,
 Pretty bird, come back to me!

"DI MERO" ON "SWEET BY-AND-BY."

I believe I have more patience than anything living, except an alligator.

I have seen an alligator swallow two fishing poles and an old boot-leg, and, then, stretch himself out on a sunny log and wait a week for a good square case of dyspepsia to come along.

And it never came.

Still there was always about two feet of gushing serenity hovering about the countenance of that alligator.

I don't think, though, that even an alligator could pass through what I have in the last two months without wishing that he had been born a crowbar.

Two months ago, I came to Philadelphia in good circumstances, comparatively, and with nothing in the world the matter with me, except two bunions.

I also had a wife and seven little "Meros," one of them quite new, in fact, the latest edition.

The little "Mero" trade has always been just about brisk enough with us to make me have a fellow feeling for old clothes.

It costs something to keep 'em in good spirits, too, for those little humanities have *appetites*, that will lay perpetual motion clean in the shade.

Since my first acquaintance with matrimony, there have been such frequent and varied additions to our family, that I always feel disappointed whenever I go home after a long trip and fail to find a fresh one on hand.

They come so frequently that the newspapers always chronicle their advent, just as they do the arrival of the new magazines, and speak of them in this wise:—

"The little "Mero" for October is out. He is made up of varied and interesting matter, and presents the usual appearance of freshness and originality."

Or, perhaps, something like this:—

"Always whooping and kicking, the little "Mero" for June comes this month like a howling hyena, and makes us wish we owned a small-pox hospital.

It is brimfull of noise and redness, and the typographical 'get-up' is even more 'ragged' than the last one, although its head presents a 'clean proof,' so far as hair is concerned."

There's one consolation about 'em. Not a single one is bow-legged, and only one has his eyes cut biassed, and he takes after his mother.

We brought only the June number with us, but thought we'd have to charter the train to do that, before we got him here.

However, I should have been content to go on experimenting in growing families, but for a song that has traveled around in my footsteps ever since I came, like a crippled book agent.

It is called "Sweet By-and-By." Perhaps you have heard it?

If not, and you learn that it is coming your way, enter the nearest deaf and dumb college and stay there, until after the epidemic.

"Sweet By-and-By,"—those four little words don't look very formidable, and, yet, they can stir up more racket than anything, except a red-headed girl, when she is compelled to stand in a crowded street car.

We arrived here on the 4th of July. The bands were playing "Sweet By-and-By;" soldiers were marching, with drums beating and flags flying and bayonets flashing; the people were all yelling like wild indians, and eating free lunches whenever they got a chance; everything was chuck full of patriotism; Mrs. "Mero" had on a bran-new pull-back she borrowed just before we left New York, little "Mero" was popping up and down like an india-rubber suspender, and I felt so good that I ordered lager beer for the whole family on the spot.

After awhile we thought a change of programme would be healthy, but it wasn't to be had.

"Sweet By-and-By" was what the people wanted, and "Sweet By-and-By" they were going to have.

That night I went to bed early and tried to sleep, but, though there were worlds of *rest* ringing through the air outside, it was only in the form of a promissory note, and not a bit of it seemed to yearn for my pillow.

The next morning I awoke to find "Sweet By-and-By" stealing through the shutters with the first beams of sunlight, and I pitched a whole bucket of water on a dog that was passing under the window, just for spite.

I went into a barber-shop and asked for a clean shave, and no sooner was I seated, than the murderous barber began to lather that confounded song all over me, as though he wanted to give me a vocal Turkish bath.

I went to the hotel to get breakfast, and three of the ugliest waiters that were ever born stood behind my chair and hummed "Sweet By-and-By," while I ran over the bill of fare, and wondered if Job ever attended a Centennial, where one song was sung by every creature that could sing, and by about seven hundred steamboat loads that couldn't.

I passed by a little establishment around the corner, and thought a glass of beer would soothe me, but—would you believe it?—that heathen Dutchman had the impudence to stand there and roll out "Schweed py-und-py" at me by the barrel.

I had seen a very beautiful young lady just across the street from our hotel, and, while Mrs. "Mero" was taking her afternoon nap, I slipped out to get a glimpse of the fair maiden. I had just stationed myself on the corner in front of her house, as if I was waiting for a car, and was getting ready to look distinguished, when she shot off, just like the others:

"There'll be no-o-ear!!!
By-and-by-y-e-e!!!!"

I thought if she'd give us a few instalments of it *right now*, we'd be willing to trust her for the balance. I went home snorting like a locomotive, and woke Mrs. "Mero" up suddenly.

Now, Mrs. "Mero" hasn't any temper at all, but she can do some of the tallest acting on record, when she *pretends* that she's mad.

She rose from that bed like a fire engine.

Whenever I see her begin to tramp around the room like a young buffalo, and stop occasionally to kick over little "Mero," and tear up one of my new shirts, I know she's getting ready for a rehearsal, and, then, I commence to meander out of the back window. Things began to look that way this time, and I meandered.

I have often tried to induce her to go on the regular stage, and take a "starring" tour for six months—or even a year—but, she says she can't leave the bosom of her family.

I don't know about the rest of the "bosom," but I think there's one portion of it that could manage to worry through a short season without her.

That's me!

Last night she commenced one of her rehearsals, and I concluded that it would be cooler sleeping out on the roof, but I hadn't been there five minutes before the neighbor's hired girl began to gouge that everlasting tune out of an old spavined piano, as though she had swallowed a sewing machine, and it was trying to crawl out through her fingers.

I have heard that song so often, and I've heard it issuing from mouths inhabited by so many invalid teeth, that I don't believe I could buy a piano without inquiring what kind of breath it had.

If that sort of people will sing, let every fellow sing a different tune, and turn his face the other way when he does it.

Now, when some good man composes a beautiful song like "Sweet By-and-By"—for it *was* beautiful once—it looks almost like a sin, and it certainly is a satire on music, to have it bellowed by second-hand brass bands, and howled by bootblacks, and hashed by boarding-house keepers, and screeched by peanut women, and thrown around loose by everybody, like tossing cabbage-heads to hogs. The very tailors in this town cut pantaloons by that tune.

Singing is like eating ice-cream.

So long as you eat ice-cream with a spoon, and shut your eyes pensively when you swallow, it's refined eating; but when you go to pitching it down your throat with a spade, it loses its flavor. It looks too much like filling up a grave.

If I could spare the money, I'd buy two or three orphan asylums and turn 'em loose on these Philadelphians.

It might do me some good, and, besides, it would please the orphans.

The majority of the little "Meros," thank goodness, have no more taste for music than they have for eating padlocks, and, if the June number ever shows any symptoms, I'll distribute him in the first lottery that comes along.

If the Legislature doesn't put a stop to this wholesale musical massacre, every man, woman and child in Philadelphia will be compelled to have their throats half-soled.

I appeal to the Governor to call the Assembly. "DI. MERO."

MRS. ANNANIAS BEANPOLE.

BY MRS. GUION.

In marrying a widower, one has to be careful. Now when I married Annanias Beanpole, would you believe it, I admired that name, and when I first heard myself called Mrs. Annanias Beanpole, my heart swelled with emotion.

If it had'nt been for Annanias' two children, by Sophronia, his first wife, who was a distant relative of mine by marriage, and, seeing I had the responsibility of bringing up these two, they being no flesh and blood of mine, I tell you the responsibility was awful, and I felt it incumbent upon me to "turn over a new leaf."

"Annanias," (I said it in gentle tones,) "I wish you'd change your name, it sounds so Scripture-like, it don't sound truthful; I can't bring the children up in the face of the Lord, while their father's name is Annanias."

"Well," said he, a little startled, "I'll think about it, Jerusha; how's the last name?"

"There's no matter about that, at present, as it runs in the family, and I'm no hand to change last names."

I thought he looked treacherously at me, while I made this reply, so I continued:

"Annanias, we have not been married quite a month, and I've had to alter Sarah Jane's frocks; and 'twas only yesterday I pieced Josephus' best pants; they grow so fast, there's no keeping them pieced out. The washing's growing larger than I agreed for, and, I say Annanias, I'm finding the work hard and no help."

"May-be you need a little recreation," murmured Annanias, softly, (he was naturally soft.)

"That's the very thing," I replied; "I'm making up my mind to *attend* a watering place for awhile."

Annanias wept.

"What will we do without you, Jerusha, Sopronia never left home," he sobbed.

"She left home once for good," said I. "I guess you worked her too hard."

At this juncture Josephus entered; "What's the row?"

"Jerusha's going away."

"Stop weeping, pa, we did the work before she came and we can do it again."

"Can we?" says Annanias, brightening.

"Be a man," says Josephus. "That's what neighbor Tattle said she'd do, after she got housed. Such old maids always are ungrateful. Better staid a widdy, Pa! The ungrateful jade!"

"Don't speak so, Josey, I won't allow you to be so disrespectful."

"You won't!" says I, by this time reaching the point where "patience ceases to be a virtue," sometimes called the "*bilin' point*."

"Is this the home you've brought me to, and these two ugly varmints, the children you've handed over," and turning to Josephus, who was winking at me, first his left eye then the right, I couldn't stand it. I'd been kind to Ann Tattle one way and another, and for her to be setting the children against me, because their father married me, was more than I could bear, my temper is high when it rises. "She said that, did she, Ann Tattle. I know the reason," addressing Josephus. "Get out of here, you good-for-nothing; that's the gratitude you show me for hearing your catechism and piecing your Sunday trowsers. It's the sin of the father that's fallen upon you."

"Whew!" says Beanpole, Jr., closing up to my ear and kicking over the chairs I'd just scoured and placed against the wall.

"Don't, Josephus, don't dear," cried the elder Beanpole "you'll break my heart."

"Out of here," I fairly screamed. "Twas no wonder, set upon in this way and although I did try to keep my temper, I lost all control of it. "Out of here," I repeated; "I'm the mistress of this house now, and if that forlorn parent of yours hasn't got sense enough to fix you, you'll see one that can. No fourteen-year-older rides over me," and observing that I'd got the better of him, through my firmness, I just turned my attention to the "forlorn hope."

Annanias crouched before the sublimity of my rage, while I went on: "You natural-born fool," (I jerked the words out), "how have you brought up those two Beanpoles? What answer can you give at the day of reckoning? What do you suppose old Solomon will say to you, and David and all the Apostles, and Moses himself." (If there was one thing I was good about, it was Scripture.)

"I don't know, Jerusha."

"Neither do I," says I, "but I can't stand it—I wouldn't if I could."

Annanias groaned and whimpered. "I always said that boy would disgrace me, he is so wild."

"Wild?" I repeated, "he ought to be given to the police, or the house of correction. I shall go into ill-health, unless something is done. It's is on account of your name. I never knew any good to come to anyone of that name."

"But Sarah Ann is not so bad, Jerusha." He tried hard to speak, but his sobs choked him.

"I say! you might do something with her, it's not having any mother since poor Sophronia left us. They've kinder gone to seed."

I pitied the miserable object I'd sworn to "love, cherish and protect." I knew the girl was worse than the boy. Only last Sunday she tore up the catechism and poured the tea all over my best gown; she said she "didn't like green," and it's my favorite color. Oh, dear! what a responsibility.

Maybe I'd better have remained where I was, at Mrs. Smith's working on pea-green parasols, (she alway gave us our favorite colors) at six dollars a week. She promised to raise my salary to nine at Christmas. Good thing I've got a trade, I thought, for these Beanpoles may drive me back to it.

Josephus retiring, met his sister and prepared her for the squall, whereupon they entered radiant with health and natural depravity.

"What's the matter, Pa?" said Sarah Jane, "is that wicked jade a plaguing you."

And then the two Beanpoles with their arms around their parent's neck made faces at me, putting a finger in each eye, distorting their faces in all directions, performing the same antics with their father's countenance, much against his will, until they looked like three monsters.

"Don't don't, dear," but Sarah Jane kept on. The elder Beanpole pouted, while I, formerly Jerusha Jones, a respectable forewoman in Mrs. Smith's establishment, fell to sobbing with downright despair.

"Don't take on so, Jerusha," I heard Annanias saying in my ear in a wirey voice, "don't, dearest Jerusha, the children won't do it again; they shan't act so, I'll send them away from home, if you'll only stay. I never loved Sophronia half so hard as I love you," and with these words of endearment, the wire broke.

Annanias could say pleasant things. I recovered. We were alone. The young Beanpoles had gone away on hearing their fathers words of kindness to their step-mother.

I didn't want to be the means of sending another woman's children away from home either, so I wiped my falling tears and seeing I'd have a task of it, I set to work, telling Annanias in the first place, that I wouldn't leave home just now, I'd see about it.

I replaced the chairs against the wall, but the Beanpoles didn't slide into their places as easily. They'd "thrown down the gauntlet," and I was determined on a reformation.

I took no notice of the eyes that pierced and twinkled at me from all quarters. I pitied the elder Beanpole, though he wasn't very deserving, but somehow those two rode over him. Poor Sophronia, she must have needed a change. These hopefuls worked into each other's hands, and had a habit of never coming when called, though between them and their father existed a sort of disrespectful attachment.

Upon this sentiment, I hoped to base a reformation. It happened in this way:

Annanias was taken down with a fever. This was about a week after the squabble. I waited on him with as much care and attention as if he'd been my brother.

Dr. Quack said "there must be no noise," he knew the ways of these Beanpoles.

Dr. Quack gave orders that all lights should be shut out.

Dr. Quack ordered that no one should be admitted to the sick-room only by permission, that coming from me—on certain conditions. There should be no walking, but gliding about noiselessly. In fact, his orders were absolute.

I found Dr. Quack a real friend. The name I had been honored with until now, was Rushy, by my step-son, and he adopted it for short—he said. The girl addressed me as, "old ma;" sometimes, "old thing."

Dr. Quack observed this, and it was soon settled. I heard myself in a day or two called, "Ma" in meek tones, and, a "Please may I come in?" We'd kept them out a week.

What touched me most of all—for I have a heart—was Sarah Jane's putting under the door the old catechism, all neatly put together and ironed out—and on a slip of paper, these words: "Please ma, it was wrong, I'll not do it again."

I felt the big drop on my cheek.

"How's the plan working, Jerusha?" asked the patient, quite tired of "playing sick."

I answered by handing him the patched paper and slip of writing from Sarah Jane. He was convinced now this was the first fruit of my little scheme. I'd had a good deal of urging with the co-operation of Dr. Quack, to persuade Annanias that it was a good plan. Thus far it had succeeded with Sarah Jane.

Two or three times Josephus had broken down the ivy I had trained over the window, in trying to effect an entrance into the sick-room. Then Dr. Quack took him in hand, and as he told me in confidence, "he did not believe the boy was so bad, but he needed management."

Annanias left his room a happier, if not a wiser man, without changing his name. I did propose Luther, though it was not in the Bible. I thought it would do. Annanias was writing, so he wrote it in the big Book; but somehow, I could not get used to it. It did not sound natural. I believe I like the old name best now.

Josephus by degrees came into the traces—more to please his sister, than to recommend himself to me. He had a fancy to go West and hunt the buffalo. He was always talking about pits and lassos. He made up his mind, he said, to follow a border life, and practised on the chickens in the neighborhood, besides, cats and dogs. What was fun to him, was ruin to me.

Nearly every day Annanias paid away his substance to pacify a neighbor. He paid a hundred dollars to doctor the colt. Josephus broke its leg trying the lasso.

Dr. Quack had a brother in the West who lived the life Josephus coveted; and so, in course of time, Annanias consented to let Josephus go.

* * * * * * * * *

Ann Tattle has got to coming here again, and I don't know how it is, but Dr. Quack always happens in at the same time, and I shouldn't wonder if they'd make a match. We're all on the best terms, and much happier than when this story began.

Sarah Jane calls me "mother," and every time it goes to my heart. She's as tall as I am. You wouldn't believe what a good girl she is. She can say the catechism word for word.

When she goes away on a visit, we miss her so. She is really necessary to our happiness. There's the Dr.'s eldest son Fred, he's got to coming here pretty often, and though he'd be a good match, it would just spoil this home if Sarah Jane leaves. She keeps that old patched catechism in her bureau drawer as a sad memento, but I'm watching my chance to destroy it. I don't want anything to sadden Sarah Jane, for she is very dear to me.

It is nearly three years since Josephus went West, and it's made a man of him.

I'll just read one of his letters:

DEAR FATHER AND BLESSED MOTHER:—

(That's what he calls me.)

"I never can repay you for what you've done in letting me to come out here. I am trying to make a name for myself that will not disgrace you and dear Sis and a home too. I am so changed you would not know me. If I live till Christmas I shall see you. I hope mother will forgive me for the way I treated her."

(He says this in every letter.)

"What a good mother she was and how she bore with me."

(So I did, to be sure.)

"I'm going to bring you all out here to live with me. I've got horses and buffaloes of my own, and you can ride as much as you like.
Your Son, JOSEPHUS B."

I'll just add, that I'm quite in the notion of going, and if I can get Annanias started, shall go next Christmas. Sure as I do, I'll write you a story of life among the buffaloes.

THE SECOND-BEST FRIEND.

BY L. M. K.

"Good dog, then! Good dog!" said Alice Millard, opening her eyes.

She had wearily laid her head back on the sofa cushion, and had fallen asleep that summer afternoon. A few sunbeams found their way into the softly-shaded room, and flickered here and there on the rich lounge; and there sat Hugo, her large Newfoundland dog, looking intently into her face.

"Hugo," said Alice, "why do you stay here, close by me, when I am asleep? Is it because you love me so? And when I am sad you feel sorry, I know you do—sorry when you can't understand."

Hugo sprang up, putting his great paws on Miss Millard's white muslin dress; and she clasped her hands tenderly across his neck. Then she laid her head down upon the dog's, and whispered to him: "Good fellow!" she said, "I love you better, a great deal better, than I love him; and I don't love him at all, I'm sure I don't. And now I'm beginning to find out that he doesn't love me!"

And Miss Millard began to cry, the great tears falling down on the dog's shaggy coat.

She was a beauty and an heiress; but this latter condition her experience was already teaching her to hold as a matter of regret; and now it seemed something more than a burst of girlish petulance, as, with her head lying on Hugo's, she wept so bitterly.

Six months before she had sat in that same room eagerly anticipating the return of Walter Bernard from Italy. He came, Walter, the handsome boy-lover; now the accomplished artist. But, alas for the anticipations of the warm-hearted girl! Walter was changed. In place of the frank, genial manner, was fashionable elegance, but with it a constraint that seemed to bar out and utterly preclude all approach to the old confidence. Grieved and disappointed, Alice had not thought till then how much she cared for her old friend; but now she began to feel sure that he had bestowed his affections on some one during his absence. And one day, with a trembling heart, fearing to know the truth, she ventured to rally him on the subject of her suspicion.

"Miss Millard," he said, "I should be sorry if you really thought this. But you will believe me when I say I love my art, and I love, too, past memories. How dear these recollections of the past are I can never express."

This was all he said. Now six months had passed away, and Walter was still, as at first, but the polished visitor. In society he was courted and flattered, but no lady fair found the heart of the artist. Meantime many suitors had sought the hand of Alice; and now at last there glittered on her hand the engagement ring. Did she believe when it was placed there that Captain Philip Chester loved her? She hoped so, and hoping, tried to believe. Did she ask her own heart if she loved him? Alas! when a fair young girl whose life should be all sunshine fears to question her own heart. But what it was when Philip was near, whether it were tone or look that seemed to lay an icy finger on her heart, she could not tell. Joy seemed to be slipping away from her life—the buoyancy of youth was crushed at nineteen.

"Are you happy, Hugo?" she said, looking into the dog's wistful eyes. "I'm glad you are alive, and that we are friends. If you should die, good dog, how lonely I should be! I should look at your photograph, and remember how you used to come and sit by me when I was fast asleep, always faithful; and you understand every word I say to you. I only wish some one—you know who I mean—understood my heart as well as you do. Hugo, tell me in a little whisper, do you think he cares anything for me? Ah! but I've thought of something—I've thought of something!"

Alice sprang up and commenced her toilet, and an hour afterwards found her entering the studio of Walter Bernard.

"Mr. Bernard," she said, "I am very desirous of having a portrait of Hugo. Will you paint it for me? I have been thinking to-day, if he should die, how glad I should be to have it."

Hugo, while his mistress said this, was testifying his affection without regard to the delicate fabric of her dress. Alice stooped down and patted his head.

"No one in the world loves me as he does," she said; "and I love him so dearly!"

Captain Philip Chester would have twirled his moustache, and carelessly said, "Would to heaven that I were Hugo!" But Walter Bernard said nothing of the sort. A thoughtful expression came upon his face, and then he told Miss Millard he felt honored that she had selected him to put upon canvas the likeness of one she loved so much.

"I hope I shall please you," he said. "And Hugo, how is it?" and he patted the dog affectionately. "Are you a good sitter? Let us see what position will suit you best."

Hugo was placed upon a large cushion, and assumed an attitude after his own fashion.

"See how well he understands everything you tell him," said Alice.

"Does he?"

"Yes, indeed; sometimes I think I must be careful what I say before him; though on the whole, I think I rather make a confidant of him."

Alice laughed as she used to in the old times, and the light came into Walter's eye, and the color flushed into his face.

The next day Alice came to leave Hugo for his first sitting. She took off her glove, and Walter observed that the diamond ring was no longer there. It was a bit of news which society lost no time in repeating, that the engagement between Captain Philip Chester and Alice Millard was broken off.

But Alice went no more to the studio of the artist until the portrait was finished. Each day Hugo had been sent in the care of old Thomas, the footman; and each day, on his return, he came bursting into his mistress's room as though he was charged with some very important message. But presently the last touch was given to the picture, and Alice went to see it.

"Mr. Bernard," she said, after expressing her pleasure at its beauty, "did Hugo tell you that I waited for you yesterday afternoon?"

"I should have blessed him had he told me so, Miss Millard. Alice," he said, "I have waited long for you to summon me."

"And I have waited long for you to come," Alice said, the bright color mounting to her cheeks. "Walter! Walter!"

"Alice, I come with all frank expression, with deep love and devotion. My heart has always been yours; but what else have I to offer? Oh! Alice, what can I say? Beyond all things I am happy that you, my darling, have cared for me—that you have broken the bar that held me from you—that you have looked back after me to bless me!"

"Our mutual friend," said Walter, stooping to pat Hugo. "Your best friend, you told me."

"My second-best, Walter; and Hugo will never be jealous. Good dog, then!"

THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

BY MRS. MALCOLM.

There is, no doubt, a reflex influence in dress. "One of the best ways of inspiring the degraded with self-respect is to supply them with decent and suitable clothing." We are wholly unable, at any stage of cultivation, to withstand this influence. No lady is the same in a careless and untasteful morning wrapper, and an elegant evening costume.

Every one must have noticed the effect of dress upon the character and condition of servants. Those who have grown up in houses where slatternly personal habits are allowed, never become really respectable, even although they may have many good qualities. They do not respect themselves, and their sympathy with their employers is blunted by the great difference in outward appearance. It is true that domestics sometimes act so earnestly upon this principle, that they end in erring on the side of too much attention to costume. We remember once, and once only, finding at a foreign hotel a chambermaid dressed in silk, with artificial roses in her hair; the feeling that she would not be of much use to us flashing across the mind at once. English servants hit the happy medium oftener than any other; their tidiness suggests alacrity, and we have a comfortable assurance of being well served as soon as we look upon them. It is odd what a difference one feels in offering a gratuity to a well or ill-dressed servant in travelling. Shabbiness favors our penuriousness most remarkably. The eye scans the expectant instinctively; and instead of the generous impulse to give most liberally to those who need, we graduate our donation by the probable expectation of one who has evidently not found the world very generous. If the servant be well enough dressed to bespeak independence, and especially if she be gifted with the modest assurance which is often both cause and consequence of good fortune, pride whispers us at once not to disgust so genteel a person by a shabby gift, and we bestow on success what we should grudge to necessity. Much depends, therefore, on the study of character by dress.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

WENDELL PHILLIPS makes $10,000 a year by lecturing.

THE Kellogg opera will campaign in the South this season.

MISS M. E. BRADDON, the celebrated novelist, talks of going on the stage.

STUART ROBSON paid Bret Harte $3000 for the manuscript of the "Two Men of Sandy Bar."

G. L. FOX, the comedian and pantomimist, is not recovering health and reason as was reported.

AIMEE'S receipts during the first week in San Francisco with La Fille de Madame Angot were $12,000 gold.

RANDOLPH ROGERS, the sculptor, who goes back to Rome next month, thinks of returning to Washington to live.

"NELL, the California Diamond," has finished a most successful and profitable engagement in Australia. She goes to England.

AN address by Professor Huxley will be one of the features of the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore, in September.

WHEN Giardini was asked how long it would take to learn to play the violin, he replied: "Twelve hours a day for twenty years."

HON. WILLIAM H. SAGE has given five thousand dollars additional to Cornell University, for completing the grading of the grounds.

ALPHONSE KARR, the French novelist, has a flower and vegetable garden at Nice, from which he realizes more per annum than from his pen.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY is visiting Professor John Fiske, of Harvard College, at Petersham, Mass., where several other Harvard professors are staying.

THE author of "St. Elmo" is the only American writer of fiction to whom a publisher will pay $15,000 for a novel on the receipt of the manuscript.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, the English poet, and one of his three daughters, are expected to arrive in this country within a fortnight. He will lecture.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has begun the earnest study of "King Lear," in which he is to appear immediately after the run of "Sardanapalus," at Booth's Theatre, New York.

SIGNOR BARTOLOMI has completed the cast of the "Liberty," with which the French are to adorn New York harbor. She is a handsome woman, exquisitely draped, and crowned with a star.

THE greatest living Danish poet, Christian Winther, completed his eightieth year on the 29th ult. He resides in Paris, where he received a large number of addresses from students and others on the occasion.

THE great Brignoli, whose remarkable beauty once set half the girls of Murray Hill crazy, is now a sort of Daniel Lambert, and weighs over 300 pounds. The Hill girls are all glad he didn't marry them.

THE American artist, Henry Bacon, meditates the establishment of a school of art for his countrywomen in Paris. His picture of Ben Franklin in the Paris Salon this year is praised by M. D. Conway, in the Cincinnati *Commercial*.

LISZT has probably more good nature than he is given credit for. He lately played a composition by an American musician named O. B. Boise, and the latter somewhat confusingly says, "he played it in a way calculated to make one's hair defy hair-oil."

DISRAELI has no children to inherit his earldom. He is wealthy. Besides his own fortune, he has received in bequests from admirers about $[illegible],000, and he has for some time received a pension of $10,000 from the Government as an ex-Minister.

MISS KATE FIELD tells the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in good set terms, that Miss Emma Abbott's operatic debut was not a failure; that Miss Abbott since her marriage has not lived on the bounty of her friends, and that her husband has offered to refund all moneys given to his wife before their marriage.

IN speaking of the study of literature, the *Westminster Review* remarks that "to read a few great authors, and from them to work outward to their surroundings and see the relations in which they stood to the time, is far better than the reverse principal of first flooding the mind with names of writers and their works, each ticketed with a slap-dash judgment."

THE DOWAGER LADY LYTTON, the widow of the novelist, and in her youth the black-browed, scowling Oriental beauty, Miss Wheeler, has published a volume of meditations with the somewhat sentimental title, "Shells from the Sands of Time." Therein she discusses with dissatisfaction what she calls the "stuckupativeness" of the modern servant.

ALSON F. BELCHER,
CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 527 and 529 Chestnut street,
Philadelphia.

LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

BY CIMA.

The sweet west wind is flying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill, and tree;
The cattle bells are ringing
Among the clustering downs,
And children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns.
"O summer day! so soon away!"
The happy-hearted sigh and say,
"Sweet is thy light, and sad thy flight,
And sad the words 'Good night! Good night!'"

The wan white clouds are trailing
Low o'er the level plain,
And the wind brings, with its wailing,
The chill of the coming rain.
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie,
And birds and leaves together
Whirl through the evening sky.
"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
The weary-hearted weep and say,
"Sad is thy light, and slow thy flight,
Sweet were the words 'Good night! Good night!'"

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"AND THOU, FRAIL HOPE."

Cynthia and Jim were in the garden. These two were very friendly just now. The poor little stepmother clung to the honest outspoken lad in this time of cloud and brooding storm. Naomi's coldness cut her to the heart. She felt that there was a great gulf between her and her husband. Of Judith's dislike and distrust she was inwardly assured.

But Jim seemed fond of her, and he was of her husband's flesh and blood. The poor little timid soul went out to him in its loneliness.

"Do you really like me, James?" she asked to-day, as they were tying up the carnations in the long garden border, Cynthia's small face shaded by a big dimity sun-bonnet.

"Liking isn't the word, Cynthia," answered the boy. "I'm uncommonly fond of you, and if you'd only summon up a little spirit and make Aunt Judith give up the housekeeping, I should have a still better opinion of you. Why should she stint us to one or two puddings a week, and those as hard as brickbats; and a fruit pasty once in a blue moon, when the garden's running over with gooseberries and may-dukes? It isn't her place to order the puddens. It's yours. It was all very well to be trodden under her foot when we were orphans, but you're our mother now, and you ought to stand by us. Why don't we have bacon and fried potatoes for breakfast, like Christians? ..."

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FULL OF SCORPIONS.

[illegible]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

[illegible]

... Not many months after her marriage, Roland received the following note from Monsieur, who finally discovered he had a heart and conscience, though not over-sensitive ones:

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR WALLACE: Pray let me relieve myself from a wicked secret. The ring you gave to Rose Maple was stolen from her, though not by me, and given to me to do as I did with it. Consequently, Mademoiselle Rose never lost it. The day you returned her I return the ring with my blessing."

As I did not know the precise time which it requires for the trains to reach Maidstone from Roland's abode in Hampshire, I cannot tell how much time passed after the receipt of that letter before the ruby ring was again on Rose's finger, and Rose's weeping face hidden on Roland's shoulder.

FARM AND GARDEN.

To kill worms in flower pots, put ten drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water, saturate the earth in the pots with it and it will act like a charm, kill the worms and the plants will thrive nicely.

[illegible]

THE PRINCESS SARAH.

By an Old-Fashioned Fellow

There was once two princesses who were twin sisters, but who did not in the least resemble each other. Both were beautiful; but Leila was as cruel and wicked as Sarah was good and gentle; and when their father died, Leila treated Sarah so unkindly, and made her life so wretched, that, at last, Sarah's old nurse said to her, "Why do you stay here for your sister to taunt you? I will give you my little ivory spinning-wheel, and do you go with that out in the world to seek your fortune."

So the Princess Sarah wrapped herself in her grey cloak, and took the little ivory spinning-wheel under her arm, and slipped away before it was yet light.

When Leila heard that she had gone, "She has gone to seek her fortune, has she?" cried this wicked sister. "Then I will help her."

And as she was an enchantress, she had nothing to do but look through a glass, and presently she saw what road the Princess Sarah had taken. Then she ordered that the road should stretch itself, laughing to herself the while; and so, after the Princess Sarah had travelled all day, she found herself at nightfall no better off than she was before, not having advanced a step beyond the place where Leila saw her first.

Much discouraged the Princess looked about her, and saw a large house that she had not noticed before. She went up to it and found the windows and doors all fast. She knocked, and nobody answered. She went all around the house and called in vain. Then she went back to the door and knocked again.

"What do you want?" asked a loud harsh voice, and the door opened suddenly, an ugly old woman seized her hard by the hand, and pulled her in, when the door closed again of its own accord, and with a tremulous noise.

"What do you want?" asked the old woman, looking wickedly at Sarah.

"A bed and some supper," returned the Princess, boldly.

"There is supper, and there is a bed," said the old woman. "You are welcome to it, for to-morrow I shall eat you for my breakfast."

On hearing this, the princess was dreadfully frightened, and had no appetite for supper, as you may suppose, but sat thinking what she should do to get away from this terrible old woman. She could think of nothing, however, but of being cut up and eaten for breakfast; and that was so disagreeable that she thought of her spinning wheel, and determined to spin, and stop thinking if she could. As the wheel went round and round, it made a soothing, humming noise; and the old woman, who sat by the fire, watching and grinning at the Princess, fell, by-the-by, fast asleep. Then the wheel seemed to hum as it went around and around:—

"Hope yet, hope yet,
Look and see my fine new net."

And sure enough the wheel was turning out a wonderful great net, that shone like silver, and was almost as fine as air. Hardly able to believe her eyes, the Princess took the net up in her hands.

"Throw it over, throw it over!" buzzed the wheel, spinning around very fast.

And though very much afraid of the dreadful old woman, the Princess threw it over her head, and there was the old woman fast and safe enough. Then the Princess joyfully took up her wheel and ran out into the road, and travelled a long way before Leila woke up the next morning. But as soon as that wicked Princess had her eyes open, "Let us see," she cried, looking through her glass, "where our sister is this morning?"

And when she saw her, she was greatly disappointed.

"What not eaten yet, not eaten yet? We must do a little more road stretching."

So she gave the word as before; and, though the Princess Sarah walked till her legs were weary, at night she had not advanced a step beyond the place where Leila first saw her. While she stood lamenting, she heard a great noise, and looking up, saw a monstrous giant coming.

"What are you doing on my ground?" he roared, in a fury; and picking her up, wheel and all, as if she had been a doll, he carried her off to his castle, first telling her that he should eat her in the morning, by way of giving her a pleasant night's rest. The Princess was almost in despair, but recollecting her wheel, "I can but try," she said, to herself, and commenced to spin.

Round and round the wheel went, faster than ever it went before, and this time it spun a monstrous long rope.

"What can these be for, I wonder?" said the Princess.

Just then she heard a whispering outside of the window, and opening it softly, asked who was there.

"I am the king's son," answered a voice, "and I am come to try and save the king, my father, who is here in the giant's castle."

"Wait a moment," said the princess, "and I will throw you down a rope."

So she made fast one end of the rope she had spun; and there climbed in a handsome young man with a sword in his hand.

"Alas! you are no match for that dreadful giant," said the Princess.

"Put on the cloak, put on the cloak!" buzzed the wheel; and the moment the Prince put it on, he became invisible, so that the Princess could no longer see him; and going boldly into the giant's hall, he cut off his head, and went away in triumph, taking his father and the Princess Sarah with him.

The next morning, when Leila woke "Let us see," she said, looking through her little glass, "if our dear sister is eaten yet!"

But, instead, she saw the Princess Sarah, radiant and beautiful, and just about to be married to the handsome young Prince who had climbed into the giant's castle the night before, and flew into such a rage at the sight, that she died on the spot, and so ended the Princess Sarah's trouble.

It is not the quantity, but the quality, of our knowledge that is of the most importance. A few great ideas, firmly grasped and vitalized in the life, will produce a finer intellect and a more expansive nature than volumes of mere information and detail.

MY PROMISE:

AND HOW IT WAS KEPT.

The first time I saw Thornton Kirk, I looked upon him as a quiet, middle-aged man, reticent, and inclined to moroseness, perhaps, but one in whom I had no interest whatever.

He was the principal of a classical school, about a stone's throw from my father's door, and of course quite engrossed with his onerous duties. I was housekeeper, daughter, and companion to my father, and quite as much taken up with my daily cares as the still man who passed and repassed our gate, morning, noon, and night, was with his.

I can hardly believe it myself, but had I heard, any morning, that Thornton Kirk was dead, that he had met with some sudden shock which had hurried him out of the world, I should only have said, "How sad!" and gone on steadily with my work, without so much as one regretful sigh in my heart. That was at first, not when I knew him—heaven help me!—as I came to know him afterwards.

He had opened his school in the spring, and when Autumn came on, and the evenings began to grow longer, he used to drop in and talk with my father upon all sorts of learned subjects, which I neither understood or cared to understand, while I sat quietly by with my work; and at last, his occasional calls grew to be nightly ones, until my father would as soon have expected to see me missing from my accustomed place, as to have seen eight o'clock arrive without bringing our—to him, at least—pleasant neighbor.

"A wonderful man, this Mr. Kirk," my father said to me, as we sat momentarily expecting his footsteps in the porch, one evening.

"Is he?" I answered quietly. "I am glad you enjoy his visits."

"He must have studied hard all his life, and such a memory as he has! I wonder why he has never married."

"A queer wonder, I should think, when he is such a stern, harsh man. One would be afraid to love him, lest he should wither one with a look," I answered, laughing.

It seemed so ridiculous to think of any woman's smiling into his eyes, and to imagine him in the character of a lover.

"You don't know him then; that is all," my father answered, shortly.

He was irritated to have his favorite so misunderstood, as he called it.

In a few moments Mr. Kirk entered; but we were no sooner settled for the evening, than a call came for my father, who was a physician, to visit a patient a mile distant. I thought, of course, that our visitor would go home; but my father urged him so to remain, saying he would be back within an hour, that he consented, and we were left alone.

I was never so thoroughly embarrassed, and, I believe, frightened, in my life, as I was to think of that man's being on my hands for an hour. I would sooner have faced a tempest. We had never exchanged a dozen words, apart from the courtesies of the day, and it was too absurd to think of my attempting to entertain such a walking dictionary as he was. I could have cried, but I must not; or I could have laughed, which I dared not.

At any rate, I cared nothing for his opinion, which was a blessed comfort to me then. So I broke the ice by saying, "I am afraid you will have a dull time of it, Mr. Kirk, for I am as stupid as an owl upon all your 'ologies' and scientific researches; but I can tell you how to make bread, or knit stockings, or anything in that line, if you like."

"And I can read to you a novel, if you like," he said, with an amused look upon his face; "so don't be vexed that I have remained."

My face flushed. He had read my discomfiture, then.

"Not if you will read what I like so much," I said; "but I am afraid you do it to please me, and not yourself."

"What pleases you will please me; and besides, if I can, I want to convince you that I am not a bear who eats people, however bearish I may seem."

I laughed heartily.

"In truth, I have taken you for one," I answered; "but I give you my hand as a proof that I will think differently after this."

Such a startled, earnest look as came into his eyes then! It made me tremble, it was so intense and searching.

"If you will, with your hand, promise to be my friend, my true, never-failing friend—which is what I need more than you can dream of—I take it more gladly than I ever took a woman's hand before," he said, solemnly.

With that look in his eyes, though it half frightened me, I could not resist.

"I promise," I answered, faintly; "but you will get tired of me when you know me better."

"I have been studying you for six months," he answered, as he pressed my hand in his.

That evening was the beginning of the new life with me; and I soon found that he was quite as well versed in the literature which a woman likes as in the more abstruse subjects which men delight in. He was, from the moment our hands crossed, my friend and helper, in the truest, deepest sense of the word; and I meant to be the same to him. I tried to keep it before my eyes that I was to be his womanly friend, nothing more; that I was to stand by him always. And I remember of vaguely wishing that some disgrace might come upon him, that I might prove my sincerity by still keeping to my vow; but, by-and-by, something came into my heart for him which changed me wholly; and because I fought against it with desperate energy, it held me with a closer grasp.

I knew that I loved him. I knew then that, whatever his soul might answer, mine had found its manna, its bread of earthly life. I think I could have killed any one who should dare to come between us; and the fear that I had a rival—for what did I know of his life?—was my torment, day and night.

He was so much above me, that I was sure as death that he would never stoop to lift me up beside him; but with an insane hope that I might overtake him, I, too, with my woman's brain, began to climb up the dizzy mountain upon which he stood. I pursued the studies which I knew he liked best, and with such energy that I was surprised at myself. A woman does not know what she is capable of doing until her heart wakes to love, and then, fire is not too much for her to walk through, if, in so doing, she may reach the heaven which—at least in her imagination—lies beyond.

In the meantime, days, weeks and months went by, and our lives were outwardly unchanged. I would not have had him know, for a thousand worlds, what was in my heart; I should have felt disgraced for ever; and he seemingly did not. He was kind, thoughtful, and attentive, but nothing more; though sometimes, when our eyes met, there was a look in his which thrilled me through and through.

Of his early life or family I knew nothing; and I would not have asked to save my soul. And it was by the merest accident that I heard, one morning in September, that he had been telegraphed for by some one in Lancashire.

"If it should be his intended wife," I said; and without giving myself time to think further, I hurried on my things, and went out for a walk. I was afraid to see him, lest I could not keep a strong hand on my heart.

When I returned, I found that he had left this note for me, scrawled upon a piece of paper:—

"I cannot wait to see you, but if I send for you, do not fail me."

Whatever it meant, I had nothing to do but to wait; and that I did, trying to keep my nerves steady for whatever was to happen.

In a week this telegram came:—

"If you are not afraid, I want you. Come."

Then the directions where and how to find him.

"I am not afraid and am coming," I answered.

To my surprise, my father did not object to my journey, but seemed to hurry me off, though he would not open his lips about Mr. Kirk.

The distance was only two hundred miles, but it seemed interminable; and when at last I stood upon the Asylum steps where he directed me to meet him, I was too full of anxious fear to think of anything save my desire to see him, and know that he was safe.

The servant took me into the parlor, and he was sent for. He answered the summons in a moment; and though his face was white and worn, the thankful look in his eyes, as he saw me, quite repaid me for coming.

"I shall never forget this," he said, as his hands closed over mine. "Come with me."

He led me the way through a number of dim corridors, and up long flights of stairs, until he came to a closed door in a sick ward, before which he stopped.

"If you love me, as I pray heaven you do, be strong now," he said. And we entered.

There was a bed in the room, and fastened upon it lay a beautiful girl, her eyes wild and maniacal, so like, and yet so unlike, the man beside me, that I started back in surprise.

"This is my child, who has been motherless, and here, for ten years. A week ago they thought she would die," he said, huskily.

"Your child! Oh, why did you not tell me?" I cried, dropping on my knees beside her, and kissing the wild lips a hundred times. "She shall not stay here another day. Oh, thank heaven, I can help you at last!"

A week afterwards we started for home, taking the poor girl with us; and as soon as we arrived, I found that my father had expected us to bring her, and had caused a room to be fitted up expressly for her home. Thornton Kirk had told him all his circumstances beforehand. Alice soon recovered, and now she is my daughter as well as Thornton's.

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food; not that it is more important, but because it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will also, as a general rule, be the most moral, healthy, and efficient.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will restore to vigor an over-worked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry heavy responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well is one which, if broken up for any length of time, is not easily regained. Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs, so deranges the nervous system, that sleep is never sleep—is never sweet afterwards. Or, perhaps, long-continued watchfulness produces the same effect. Or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea and spirit drinking, and tobacco using. To cure sleeplessness, the following essentials are required: 1st. A good clean bed. 2nd. Sufficient exercise to produce weariness, and pleasant occupation. 3d. Good air, and not too warm a room. 4th. Freedom from too much care. 5th. A clean stomach. 6th. A clear conscience. 7th. Avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

SIBERIAN EXILES.

A Russian criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony; but when an officer of the army, or other person of note, has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform and led to the scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the multitude, and of certain officials appointed to execute the sentence, he is made to kneel. His epaulets and decorations are then torn from his coat, and his sword broken over his head, to indicate that he no longer possesses rank and title. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated to the Crown; and his wife, if he is married, can consider herself a widow, if she chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey to Siberia. His wife and children, sisters, or mother, can follow or accompany him, but only on condition that they share his banishment, and cannot return to Europe.

DON'T FRITTER AWAY YOUR TIME.

It is said that a man who had accustomed himself to seize a pen whenever his wife was putting on her shawl and bonnet to walk, found, before he suspected such a result, that he had written a tolerable book. Wonders may thus be accomplished by all in their stray moments, would they but improve them. We would not prevent people from reflecting, from resting, or enjoying themselves; but the worst of it is, many waste large portions of their lives without doing any of these. Circumstances favor persons bent on rational employment. Instead of idling away the half-hour before dinner or some appointment, if they take up a book or a pen, or undertake to do any little duty which demands their attention, they find often the time which they might have frittered away much longer than they anticipated. Many a friend might be secured or obliged by a letter written at these intervals by those who profess to have "no time." We all have "time," more or less, which might be devoted to the performance of neglected duties.

HERE AND THERE.

Burning houses are a serious matter, but they should be played upon.

If a lady can't weep for her lost husband, she can at least wear watered silks.

Be careful how you buy goods measured by a shopkeeper whose dishonesty is unmeasured.

A Suspicious man would search a pincushion for treason, and see daggers in a needle-case.

Mr. Simmons says if it wasn't for the hole in the hoop you couldn't put it on the barrel, and the barrel would burst.

A Gentleman's horses, when they run away with him, are "circumstances over which he has no control."

A Journeyman blacksmith says he has been striking for high wages these twenty years, with uniform success.

We have seen men and women whose words, few and sarcastic, were often marked in italics by a sneering curl of the lip.

Many seek solace for their troubles in the gay French capital. They think the best plaster for their wounds is the plaster of Paris.

"Confusion to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candle-light." "Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.

The females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea, and gossip more than ever.

Speaking of a New York paper, a contemporary says, "Too religious to commit suicide, it has doubled its price, and seeks a natural mode of exit to the other world."

"Ah," said a father, to his son William, "hearty breakfasts kill one half of the world, and tremendous suppers the other half." "I suppose, then," retorted William, "that the true livers are only they who die of hunger."

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pshaw; what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married, the men don't."

"We shall know what are necessaries of life," said a country shop-keeper during a severe storm, "as no one will venture forth to-day, except to procure them." In the evening he found that most of his sales were yellow snuff and New England rum.

"You are the dullest boy I ever saw!" crossly exclaimed a bald-headed old uncle to his nephew. "Well, uncle," replied the youth, "you can't expect me to understand things as quick as you do, because you don't have the trouble of getting 'em through your hair."

A Boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming, "What in the world were you going to do with the milk, anyhow?" "I was going to steal a little dog to drink it!" was the crushing reply.

A Dandy, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and, turning to the looking-glass, said, "Landlord, how do these become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord, "they hide a part of your face."

A Gentleman recently received an unpaid letter (for which the postman charged him twopence) commencing, "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

Misuse of Terms.—A traveller, stopped on his way by a torrent, asked a villager, on the opposite bank, to show him a ford. "Go to the right," shouted the countryman. The traveller accordingly took to the right and was drowned. The other ran up, crying, "Oh, how unfortunate! I did not tell him to go to his right, but mine!"

The wife of an eccentric Yankee Judge complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her. "I wish," said she, "that I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company." "Yes, my dear," replied the Judge, "I wish you were a book—but an almanac, I mean—for then I should change you every year."

In a small shop window in the Faubourg St. Germain, Paris, is the advertisement of a patent inkstand in four languages. It is to be hoped the two other versions of the French announcement are as good as the English one, which says, "People wishes to sell out at very good condition this patent right which would offer much profit to those who will try to value it."

An Irishman's friend having fallen into a slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No, there is not," rejoined the first; "I forgot to tell you he's in head first."

Domestic Chat.—"Why do you look so glum and cross, William, whenever I have got you to go out with me to any party or theatre?" asked Isabella. "My love," said William, "there would be no merit in my going, were I not making an immense sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please you, dearest." Isabella was silenced, but not convinced.

"Why, Mary, my dear, how is this, I find you sitting here so comfortably with your husband; you told me this morning you had quarrelled, and he had gone for a sailor?" "I, father? I told you nothing of the kind." "Oh, nonsense! I am sure you said you had some words together." "Yes, father, so we had. He asked what o'clock it was. I said I didn't know, and so he left the house, saying, he was going to see." That's all I told you."

"Look here, squire, where was you born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, left hand side, on the first day of August, 18[illegible], at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said, "Yaas, waal, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick buildin', dew ye?"

The Misdirection of the Bile.

The misdirection of the bile, a consequence which ensues when the liver is inactive and the bowels torpid, produces a number of bodily evils. The blood becomes contaminated with the bilious fluid, causing the skin and the whites of the eye to assume a yellowish tinge; dyspepsia and nausea supervene, the tongue becomes furred, the breath fetid, there are pains in the side and between the shoulder blades, the urine is high-colored and scalding, and in aggravated cases jaundice and inflammation of the liver ensue. All these consequences may be prevented or obviated by using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a vegetable alterative tonic which stimulates the inactive liver to exert itself in secreting and directing the bile, acts naturally upon the bowels, and removes every trace of indigestion.

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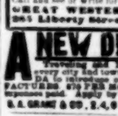

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THE FASHIONS.

It is said among the knowing ones that the prevailing colors for winter will be cardinal red, seal brown, blue—so dark as really to be blue-black—and myrtle-green. A new tint of cream-color is shown that has hues of pale green shading it. It is said to be a cheerful tint, despite the fact that green and yellow are said to be melancholic hues, according to Shakespeare. Hats of the turban shape are growing in popularity, but must be worn on the back of the head, and not tilted forward, as has been, hitherto, the custom. There is a fancy for trimming these hats entirely with feathers, cocks' feathers being the favorites. The blue lophophore feathers are considered the most stylish, but are very expensive, and therefore not likely to become common. Cardinal red is being introduced into most trimmings. Even veils are worn of this tint. Bands of peacock, pheasant and guinea fowl-feathers are worn. We are glad to chronicle the fact that the cruel fashion of killing the little birds, not even sparing the song-birds, to decorate hats with their bright wings, is being put down.

There have been a good many importations already for the Fall openings, and a general idea is conveyed of the leading styles in wraps and over-garments.

THE POLONAISE

has taken a new lease of popular favor, and, it is thought, will be largely worn this Autumn and Winter. It is so graceful a garment we do not wonder at its return; yet, we think basques and overskirts will also be much worn, especially for the house. We have seen some of the polonaises for the intermediate season, made of grey, and also brown camel's hair-cloth, and light quadrille woolens. One was very long, and cut Princesse-shape, being fastened down the front with bows of grey ribbon. It was draped at the sides, and had a large bow low down in the back. This bow was of ribbon of a similar tint to that worn down the front, and was very wide. The sleeves were the usual coat-shape, with the new feature of being slashed from the elbow down, and the slashing filled in with horizontal puffs. A round standing collar had a turned-down or double collar below it, falling in a pointed shape, both in the back and front.

The damasse silks, and silk and woolen goods so popular last Fall and in the Spring, are again to be worn—brown and dark-blue damasked in silver-grey being prevailing tints. A charming toilette of gros-grain and damasse silk was made as follows:—Underskirt long and trained, of the gros-grain, having a gathered flounce, headed by a puff; overskirt of brown damasse silk, with pearl-grey figures upon it; made long and full, also round. A piping of gros-grain and a deep knotted fringe of silk trims the bottom. A sash of damasse, having one wide end, trimmed with fringe and headed by a bow of the same, loops the overskirt on one side of the back. The other side is draped by upturned pleats; cuirass basque, edged with fringe, and having two fan-shaped pleatings of plain silk let in the side-seams of the skirt at the back. Two loops of ribbon are placed under these pleatings; sleeves of the plain brown silk, with pleatings of damasse, and bands of ribbon around the waist, with bow on the outer seam; collar of damasse, with inner ruche of crepe lisse, and a collarette of crepe lisse and Valenciennes lace on the outside.

A dress of summer material, with cream-colored ground and pale-brown stripe, had the underskirt trimmed with two gathered flounces headed by a short standing ruffle; overdress a polonaise, with double ruffle down the front, which also forms a collar for the neck; sleeves edged with two down-turned ruffles. The back of the polonaise is draped and held in place in the centre by a bow of mixed cream and brown ribbons, having long loops and ends. A dress of

BLACK HERNANDI

had a box-pleated flounce on the lower skirt. The overskirt was deep and long, and had a knife-pleated ruffle surrounding it; basque quite plain, simply piped with silk, a deep pointed collar laid in pleats, and having a ruffle for the neck finishes it nicely; sleeves half flowing, with knife-pleated ruffle on the lower part, and a double bow of black and cardinal-colored ribbon. The overskirt was shaped in the back by a sash of cardinal-color, wide and very long, having two deep loops very low down, and two long ends; pocket of pleats, pointed in shape, and having cardinal-colored bows at the top and bottom; buttons of silk close the front.

A suit shown for a little girl has the underskirt and waist of dark-brown linen lawn, laid in kilt pleats from the belt down. An apron overdress of cream-colored linen, with bib front and back, and lappels on the shoulders, is braided with brown braid in a pattern of leaves in pyramidal form. A pointed belt defines the centre of the waist in front, while at the back the skirt is draped with a brown sash. A "cute" little pocket adorns the right side, trimmed with bows of brown faille ribbon.

FOR LITTLE BOYS

of eight and nine, and a year or two younger, there are marine costumes in linen. One of a creamy white has a deep collar, with anchors wrought in blue, and ending in front in a tie knotted in the orthodox sailor fashion, with pointed ends and wrought in the points. A wide sash of blue silk accompanies this suit, but we fear would not go down with our "Young America," being too dainty for their independent and manly bosoms. For a lad of eleven their is a suit in

PLAIDED TWEED,

or, if preferred, cassimere. The pants reach to below the knee, and have four vegetable ivory buttons on the outer seam. The vest is long and cut off squarely. The coatee is quite long, having a rolling collar, and fastening on the breast by one button, being cut away from thence to display the vest. At the back there are two buttons low down on either side of the middle seam.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Long blue and dark green grenadine veils, are worn by tourists, over the entire hat and face streaming scarf—fashion behind, or else wrapped about the throat.

Dainty fans of delicate plumes, are mounted on tortoise shell, or mother-of-pearl sticks.

Deep fringes are gaining in favor.

The coaching hat has a high crown.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"Drusie J. Royal."—Make the Alpaca with two knife-pleatings on the underskirt, or if you prefer, one deep flounce shirred at the top. Make a long round overskirt, and loop it in the back and at the sides. Have the basque deeper in front than at the back, and surrounded with a knife-pleating of the same. Coat-sleeves, with two knife-pleated ruffles at wrist; round standing collar at the throat. We can furnish patterns complete of basque and overskirt for 60 cents. Very happy to answer your questions, also thank you for your good opinion.

Mrs. Sue W. G. (Talladega, Alabama).—Answered yours of 10th satisfactorily, we trust.

"M. A. R." (Plantsville).—The very pretty lock of hair can be matched, and will cost for a long braid from ten to twenty dollars, according to thickness desired. We can purchase it for you, but it is contrary to our regulations to give the name and address of any firm. By sending a Post-Office order to us we will forward per mail or express the braid.

"Nettie K."—The seersucker stripe will match well the dark blue of the underskirt. Yes, coral jewelry is fashionable, and will be for always, we hope. It is so pretty!

Annette R.—It does not at all matter about your age in wearing a sun hat. There have been more bonnets worn than usual this summer, but there is a great tendency to return to hats of a round form.

NINON.

"TRANSFORMATION."

BY F. G. LAMOILLE.

She seemed to him a creature perfect, made
Of finer clay than other girls of earth,
Most proud for riches, fame and noble birth,
Surpassing Eve while Eden's joys yet stayed.
He seemed to her in serpent guise arrayed,
Eyes horrid, scaly skin that had no dearth
Of marks of slime, which dropped 'mid coiling mirth
At how he'd like her innocence betrayed.
Their fellow mortals only glanced at them,
Saw but an ordinary pair go by,
And did not guess the riddle of their hearts.
He'd gladly have kissed e'en her garment's hem;
She thought he in the dust did groveling lie.
Thus, in Life's tragedy, they played their parts!

ABOUT THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

To the regular subscriber who shall first send the correct answer to the puzzle below, before October 1st, we will give

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

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We shall in due time publish the answer and announce the name of the winner, if any is fortunate enough to find the solution. Of course all who become subscribers before October 1st have the opportunity to compete. We can not fairly give information by letter or otherwise which will aid any body, and therefore decline answering such questions as "Is my solution correct?" until the time expires. It is to be a fair trial of wits, and will furnish pleasant study for many an hour.

MY FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

It has often been a matter of wonder to me why I loved Elwyn Ashton as I did. Not that he was not all, in its best and truest sense, that woman can and must love, but because, looking backward through the vista of twenty years, and seeing what a mere child I was, it seems strange that a man precisely such as he should so completely have won to himself the very heart and soul of so young a girl, and kept it, utterly without effort—kept it so that not the barrier of long years, nor the memory of a cruel wrong, nor even the grave-stone that in the church-yard lies between him and me, can obliterate or even make dim the love that consecrated me to him when little better than a child, and has kept me faithful to him through the trial of long and lonely years.

He was twelve years my senior, and I only eighteen; and I loved him.

I remember well how gloriously the sun shone on that summer afternoon when we stood together on the lawn waiting for the carriage to arrive that should bring Aunt Eleanor to spend some weeks at our house. How the ocean danced and sparkled, and the wet sands looked like burnished gold, and the trees in the long avenue seemed to catch the golden drops of light, and to let them fall through their eager arms upon the gravel path below. And we stood there waiting, he and I, laughingly decking each other with roses and vine-leaves, he seemingly so amused and pleased at my childish mirth; I so proud of him, so happy at the prospect of seeing Aunt Eleanor's admiration for my noble darling, so shy at his admiration of myself, so hopeful that they would like each other and be friends.

"For she is very beautiful, Elwyn," I said, "and only ten years older than I am."

I can see now the quiet laugh in his dark eyes, and the playful curve of the lips, as of one humoring a petted child—a strange wife I should have been for him, after all. And then there was a sound of wheels, and, drawing my arm in his, he led me to the front entrance to welcome my aunt.

I do not clearly remember when the first feeling of jealousy stole into my mind. I think I scarcely understood it when first it did come. He had never changed to me; I was ever uppermost in his thoughts; all his most graceful attentions were mine; yet I saw plainly that he found in her a companionship I was far from being able to give, for I was only a darling plaything, a beloved and petted child. But I do know that the first misery, the earliest dark misgiving, had taken its hold, when one evening I sat, my hand caressing his, listening to him and her as they talked pleasantly upon things too wise for my little head; and as I looked from one to the other, and thought how much they had in common, and how insignificant I was by comparison, I felt half hurt with him, and more than half angry with her.

I saw she was trying her best to lead him away—him of whom a queen might be proud. And I saw he admired her—her whose beauty and accomplishments had turned the heads and hearts of those almost as good and wise as he. And what had I to compete with these?

I noted well how bright and animated she was, and the admiring look that kept deepening in his eyes, and the increasing interest of voice and manner as the conversation progressed, until gradually the hand I held became unconscious of mine, and when I loosened my hold, slipped away to extend itself for greater emphasis towards her. And then I rose, pale and heart-sick, to say good night.

"We have not had our usual talk to-night, birdie?" he said.

"No," I answered, laconically.

"It is too late now," looking at his watch.

"Yes."

"What is the matter?" asked my aunt; "are you unwell?"

"No," again.

Then she laughed, low and melodiously.

"You had better go to bed, child."

Child! Suddenly, and with a quick, sharp pain, as if one struck by lightning, I felt all that her words were intended to convey—to him, though, not to me—and suddenly the child became a woman.

"Walk down the avenue with me, once—only once, Elwyn," I said; "my head aches."

With his old caressing touch, he adjusted my shawl; then hesitated a moment, and said, half reluctantly, "Will you? Shall I?"

I knew what he meant, and turned with all the dignity I could assume.

"Aunt Eleanor, if you wish to come, too, you may."

"I may, may I?" she answered, pettishly. "Thanks! But, if it's all the same to you, I prefer not."

"Elwyn," I said, when we were out of her hearing—for I felt I must mention the subject or die, almost—"Elwyn, my aunt has been here more than a month now—do you like her?"

"She is charming," he said, honestly; "charming."

"Ah," I said; "so they all say sooner or later."

"*They!*" he asked; "who are *they*?"

"Men."

He laughed, and drew my arm through his, and we finished the walk in silence. Then, when we had reached the front door, and I held up my lips for the usual kiss, he said, "She is very charming, but my baby is worth ten of her."

"Oh!" I sobbed, throwing myself into his arms, and clinging to him with passionate pain and sorrow, "do not say so. I am a woman now—a woman, Elwyn; do not call me *that* any more!"

"Well, I will not, if it hurts you."

And he took my face between his two hands, and bent over me with his own bright smile. But breaking from him, I ran upstairs, and shut myself in my room.

What could I do? Nothing. I felt that he was daily, hourly, being drawn away from me, and my weak power could avail nothing against the more subtle will of that older and far superior woman of the world. My mother—ah, but not even to her could I complain of Elwyn. And so the days went on.

I watched, in dull agony, the arts with which she drew forth from him little attentions to herself; the exertions she made to attract his eyes and please his intellect; the superiority, so apparently unconscious, with which she would assert herself over me; and I saw, also, but too well, that reluctantly, unwillingly—for, oh! at this lapse of years must I do my darling that justice—he became fascinated, enchained, and—loved her.

One afternoon, in the early autumn, I went down to the shore alone—I purposely kept much alone now—and sitting listless and idle, thought wearily. At last, voices disturbed me, voices that I knew only too well—his and hers—and I staid to listen.

Was it mean—unfair? Ah, she was striking at me in the dark; she, my aunt, whom my youth might have induced to pity; and he, whose lightest wish would have been law to me, had he only spoken. And yet I never blamed *him*. Her blows were covert ones, and only covertly could I defend myself. So I listened. They grew quieter as they approached, and finally seated themselves on the other side of the boat house from where I sat, and kept silence. I knew the witchery of the time and place was strong upon them—that witchery that I, too, knew so well. A few moments, and her voice broke the pause.

"Elwyn!" it said.

I knew by the sudden and quick breathing that he had turned towards her, but he said no word. I stifled my own loud gasps, and leaned forward to hear more.

"Elwyn!" And now the tone was changed. It was as if the words were forced, wrung from her. "Have pity—I love you!"

"Gracious heaven!" I knew he had started to his feet. "You tell me this? You?"

"I do!" she answered, tremulously; "and more—*you love me*!"

I heard him groan, and knew by instinct that his hands were stretched towards her as though to defend her from her own words.

"You love me," she continued, more calmly, "and I love you. I have waited for you to speak, but you would not; so I have done it. You may imagine, if you will, what it costs a woman to make such a confession unsolicited. Do you blame me, Elwyn?"

"Blame you?" he said, "my beautiful, my dearest! And yet——Oh, the traitor, the miserable traitor you have made of me, Eleanor!"

"It is because I love you. Forgive me, if too well, Elwyn."

"*She* loves me, too," he said.

"That child?" she answered, with a touch of sarcasm. "Her heart is too young and untried for any deep impression. Oh, Elwyn, what is her love to mine? She is a pretty toy and a plaything. Will you weigh her in the balance against me?"

"Eleanor," he said, "I am pledged to Rosalie. You came, and I loved you. Is it not enough what we have done for our own misery? I was a vain-glorious fool—a coward, if you will. Hate me, despise me but help me in the trouble which I, as well as you, must bear. I, more than you, for I am the man, and should be the stronger. Do not ask me to add to my already too heavy sin the still heavier one of breaking that child's heart. Be generous! Yet what am I that I should ask it of you? My child," he added, piteously, "that I once loved so truly!"

He little knew that the child's heart had broken long ago.

"She will not suffer," she answered; "or, at least, but for a time. A girl of eighteen and I am twenty-eight—a woman! Oh, Elwyn, my love, my love, it is *my* heart that you are going to break!"

"Eleanor," he pleaded, "have mercy! Take my life, as you have my love, but leave me, at least, a little self-respect. We are strong in our love, and can bear more than she can. Do not be cruel in your power."

"What do you want to do?" she asked.

"To be true to her," he said, bitterly, yet, oh, how firmly! "I wish her never to know that it is to a traitor her pure faith has been given. For I will marry her and cherish her as though you and I had never met. So help me, heaven!"

"And what is to become of me?"

"Have mercy! Why did you ever come between us?"

"You say you love me. I ask, what is to become of me? *You say you love me*, Elwyn!"

"Ay, better than my own truth and honor!"

Oh, how changed and broken his voice sounded!

I waited to hear no more. My resolve was taken. His pride was humbled to the dust—trampled beneath the feet of his great passion. He should never knowingly make me witness his humiliation. This much I could and would do for him.

That evening I asked him to walk down the avenue with me, for the last time; and then I said, "Elwyn, this must end between us. I will not marry you."

It was a strange start that he gave—a strange look, almost of joy, that flashed over his face, only to be gone again. And then I gained strength to tell the falsehood that was to set him free.

"I do not love you, Elwyn."

It is needless to repeat his hurried words of question and confused remonstrance. But I saw that he believed my love was gone from him, and therein I could be thankful.

A short month, and they were married. I never saw them again.

But long after, they told me he was dead, and that she was about to wed another husband; and they gave me the little packet of hair that he had addressed with his own hand to his "First and latest love."

His first, and latest, for ever.

WITHOUT friends, life is but a dreary waste, shelterless and sterile; with them, it is a garden, abounding in as many pleasant resting-places and protecting arbors as we have friends to give us sympathy or help in our times of trouble.

AT LAST.

BY E. A. C.

"Homeward bound at last," thought Frederick Vale, as he paced the deck of an Australian ship, and indulged, under the soothing influences of a cigar, in vague anticipation. "It's something to get back to England again; but a man can't expect to find much of a home after ten years' absence. Time enough for all one's kith and kin to be married, dead, or scattered to the four quarters of the globe, as mine are. To be sure, I've laid up a fair portion of this world's goods; but of what use is money when there is no one to share it with you?"

Careless thoughts! but they touched a chord which had been silent for many years; and as night came on, and the full moon, with her attendant train of stars, moved slowly up the quiet sky, and the vessel glided smoothly over the tranquil waters of the ocean, old feelings came rushing over him, making a wild tumult in his breast.

He was no longer the cold, calculating man of business, but the impulsive, love-sick boy, whose whole mind was filled with but one object. He saw again the sweet, girlish face, whose gray eyes used to meet his own so confidingly; he felt the little hand, that once clung for support to his strong arm; and heard again the gentle voice, that appealed to him for sympathy. Yes, he had been right in thinking that everything else might be sacrificed to obtain such a prize; for what was life worth without it, but——

"Ten years ago," sighed the waves, as they dashed against the ship in unceasing monotony. "Ten years ago!" Ah! all that was over ten years ago!

"I suppose my father thought he advised me for the best," Frederick Vale exclaimed, as he tossed the half-finished cigar, impatiently into the ocean; "but I was a fool to leave her without a word of explanation, and after our little misunderstanding! She would have waited for me, if I had asked her; but it's all over now. I say it's a sin to break up a man's life in that way, for money! And what good does money do when there's no one to share it with you?"

And Frederick Vale turned from the moonlit deck and sought his state-room, to pass a sleepless night, hearing ever, in the moaning of the waters, the saddest of all sad words, "It might have been."

* * * * * *

"I don't know when I've been so glad to see any one as yourself, Fred," was the gratifying assurance of his old college friend, Archie Graham, whom he sought out immediately on his arrival, some six weeks later, in the great metropolis. "You are wonderfully changed! But I suppose that's the natural work of Father Time, to say nothing of the depressing effects of bachelorhood. You should have followed my example, old fellow, and taken yourself a helpmate, to halve your joys and double your expenses. No one knows the comforts of matrimony until they try it."

"I suppose not," his friend responded, with a half sigh. "But now, Archie, tell me all about yourself and everybody else. For pity's sake, let me know what's going on in this hemisphere, for I'm beginning to feel like a modern Rip Van Winkle."

A long talk ensued, in the course of which Frederick Vale succeeded in obtaining information about all his old friends, all but one. There was one name which Graham omitted to mention; and his friend could not bring himself to utter it, and, therefore, was still ignorant of what he most wanted to know.

"You must dine with us to-day, Fred," said Mr. Graham, when at last they parted. "I want to introduce you to my wife. You will meet no one else but a cousin of hers, who is staying with us now. Remember six o'clock, and be punctual."

There was only a cosy half-light in the library, where the family party assembled, when Mr. Vale made his appearance at six o'clock. He was presented to Mrs. Graham, whom he had never met before, and then his friend added: "My cousin, Miss Thornhill. I believe you have met before."

Was it a dream? Mr. Vale looked up to meet the soft, gray eyes which had so often haunted his dreams. How the moments before dinner elapsed he could never remember; or how conversation flowed on during the apparently interminable time that they sat at the table, when his whole mind was absorbed in the overwhelming consciousness that *she* was near him, and *her* voice again ringing in his ears. Cigars and wine had no attraction for him that evening; and either he proved himself an uninteresting companion, or Mr. Graham had a sympathetic perception of his feelings, for he proposed, before very long, that they should join the ladies in the drawing-room. Miss Thornhill was seated there alone; and Mr. Graham departed in quest of his wife, leaving his friend to meet the sublime moment which he had dreamed of for years.

She had not changed much, Fred thought, as he drew a chair near the table, where she was working. Her manners were quieter, perhaps, and her face had a wistful, half-sad expression, as if something had been taken out of her life, which she had never learned to do without.

"I feel as if I were walking in a dream," he said, as she looked up to greet him, with a smile. "This morning I despaired of receiving one hearty welcome back to my native land, and, to-night, the kindness of two of my oldest friends has made it seem like home again. Some magnetic attraction must have drawn me to the place where I most wished to be."

"You will find many changes among your friends after so long an absence," said Miss Thornhill, conscious that she was expected to make some reply.

"Not so many as I feared," he answered, quickly. "I thought—I heard—that is to say, I have *not* heard at all for several years, but my last letter contained rumors of your engagement."

"Rumors, I assure you, entirely without foundation," she said. "But, Mr. Vale, you have told us, so far, very little of your foreign experiences. Have you no traveller's tales of hair-breadth 'scapes and imminent deadly perils to regale your friends, withal?"

"The only interest those stories would have for you, Miss Helen, would centre in the talisman which encouraged me to persevere in spite of all obstacles."

"You have not become a victim to superstition, I trust."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of my talisman until you have seen it," he answered, producing a golden ball, which was fastened to his watch chain. "And now," he continued, touching a spring, "have you any curiosity to see its contents?"

"How can you ask?" she said. "I never saw a more mysterious or ingenious contrivance."

"Very well, then. In the first place, there is the scroll, which you know is the peculiar feature of a talisman."

And he handed her a scrap of paper, evidently torn from a note, containing these words:

"I shall certainly expect you to come.
Yours, H. T."

"*This*," he continued, "speaks for itself. 'Tis but a little faded flower; but, oh, how fondly dear! And *this*, the last charm in my talisman, is the first fruits of my endurance—a gold coin, which I consecrated to forming a part of my wedding-ring! Helen, dear, I left you from a sense of duty, without a word of explanation; but I thought of no one else during all these years. Even when I fancied you were married—when I had given up all hope—those words in your handwriting seemed like a spell that urged me to come home. Tell me, Helen, did you expect me to come?"

"It seemed like hoping against hope," she said, "when you never sent me a message, and I remembered that we had parted coldly; but all things come round to those who will but wait; and I waited, Frederick."

"And, trust me, dear, you will never have reason to repent it."

"I did not expect you to follow my advice so soon, Fred," said Mr. Graham, when, at last, he intruded upon their *tete-a-tete*; "but you've done the right thing, and I trust many happy years may compensate you both for your decade of hope deferred."

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

There is beauty everywhere. It is seen in the heavens, when studded with stars that shed soft light over us. Here they are clustered together in friendly groups; there, like sentinels, they seem to be keeping solitary watch over those below. Brilliant mysteries, silently speaking to us of eternity. What little is known of them only inspires the wish to know more.

How beautiful are clouds passing over the silvery moon; the mellow sunrise gilding the mountain-tops; and the gorgeous sunset, with its rich and ever varying hues.

How beautiful is the rainbow, reminding us of heaven's own walls, built of diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. Indeed, every raindrop is as much the care of our Maker as the pearly gates of heaven. Oh! how much care and wisdom are bestowed on everything in nature! even to the tiny flowers, some of which are of such delicate beauty that the most indifferent cannot do otherwise than admire them. The forget-me-not seems to speak to us in heavenly language reminding us of those who have passed away. Nature plants the beautiful daisy above the ashes of the forgotten dead; and simple though it is, there is enough wonder in its structure to show the hand of God. The rose and the lily are the two most beautiful flowers in the world.

"What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining, or what queen so fair!"

Even the moss that grows unnoticed is as perfect in its grace and loveliness as the foliage of the giant forest tree in its different shapes and colors.

"Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,
And the ribbons of silver unwind from the hills."

The little rivulet has its source in the mountain and trickling down the mossy banks and where wild flowers bloom, sparkles at the sunlight. No place can be lonely where its music is heard, as it hastens on to join other streams, which together form the river sweeping onward to the mighty ocean.

SCIENTIFIC.

A CEMENT suitable for joining metals to non-metallic substances is prepared by dissolving in boiling water two and one-quarter pounds of glue, and two ounces of gum ammoniac, adding in small quantities about two ounces of sulphuric acid.

TO DETECT nitrobenzol in oil of bitter almonds. Take a solution of chloride of tin, add excess of caustic soda until the precipitate dissolves, then add a few drops of the substance to be tested, and heat. If nitrobenzol is present, it will be reduced to aniline. Next, add a few drops of carbolic acid and some hypochlorite of soda (Javelle water), when the peculiar purple color is produced.

IN order to produce artificial ozone, Mr. Leeder makes use of equal parts of peroxide of manganese, permanganate of potash, and oxalic acid. When this mixture is placed in contact with water, ozone is quickly generated. For a room of medium size two spoonfuls of this powder, placed on a dish and occasionally diluted with water, would be sufficient. The ozone develops itself, it disinfects the surrounding air without producing cough.

HERACLINE is the name given to a new blasting powder, invented by Dikheroff, and which has been tried with success in the coal mines of Europe and Austria. It is composed of picric acid, saltpetre, nitrate of soda, sulphur, and sawdust. The gases produced by its combustion are not injurious, it is claimed, and it burns comparatively slowly, so that it only tears apart the masses blasted, but does not hurl them violently about.

JAPANESE lacquer is said to be a substance extracted from a tree. It grows in the north of Japan, and the gum is prepared and sent to all parts of the country. It is a rank poison while soft. Many people cannot endure the smell, or pass a workshop without suffering. A great deal of skill is required in making the gum harden and set. When set, it is waterproof and perfectly harmless; it stands heat, and is tough and hard. Wood, metal, leather, paper and fabrics take lacquer easily.

AN interesting geological discovery, as we learn from *Nature*, was recently made during excavations for a new tidal basin at the Surry Commercial Docks, London. On penetrating some six feet below the surface, the workmen everywhere came across a subterranean forest-bed, consisting of peat with trunks of trees, for the most part still standing erect. All are of species still inhabiting Britain; the oak, alder, and willow are apparently most abundant. The trees are not mineralized, but retain their vegetable character, except that they are thoroughly saturated with water. In the peat are found bones of the great fossil ox. Fresh water shells are also found. No doubt is entertained that the bed thus exposed is a continuation of the old buried forest that has been brought to light at various other localities on both sides of the Thames. In each case the forest-bed is found buried beneath the marsh clay, showing that the land has sunk below the tidal level since the forest flourished.

THE Prussian correspondent of the London *Times* makes mention of an instrument devised by Major Le Boulanger, of the Belgian Artillery, which, with great accuracy, indicates the distance between two armies, from the report of their guns. The moment the enemy fires a shot, the action of the report upon the "telemeter" marks its distance to a fraction. The instrument is entirely self-acting, easily kept in order, and requires no particular experience or intricate calculations to use it aright. The experiments to which it has been subjected in Prussia and in some other countries are stated to have been completely successful as regards cannon. Experiments in the rifle-grounds are still going on. Even should the invention be confined to artillery, its effect must be tremendous, considering the present deadly efficiency of fire-arms. One of its principal advantages, it is supposed, will be to enable gunners in a coast battery to determine the position of a hostile ship—a calculation hitherto fraught with special difficulty.

A REMARKABLY delicate test for gold has been discovered by M. Kern. The gold is first separated from foreign metals, and next converted by means of sodium chloride into sodium gold chloride, and the solution is then concentrated by evaporation. In order [illegible] an aqueous solution of [illegible] cyanide is used, containing [illegible] salts about fifteen to twenty [illegible] are. About twenty-two grains of [illegible] of the ground into a test tube, and [illegible] creating concentrated solution [illegible] are added. If the sample at above [illegible] ability is the gold at present, a [illegible] falls in the immediate [illegible] gently heating the [illegible] precipitate disappears [illegible] colorless. The [illegible] that one drop of a solution of [illegible] chloride, fifteen grains of the salt dissolved in six hundred grains of water, gives a very clear reaction. This reaction shows the existence of very interesting [illegible] sulphocyanides of gold, and, by means of it, even less than one fifteenth-thousandth of a grain of gold may be easily detected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"At Early Dawn," "O, Summer Songs," "Earl Danforth's Choice."

H. JACKSON, (New York.) The standard height for the Metropolitan Police force is 5 feet 8 inches, so that you are not eligible.

CURIOSITY.—Advertise that you have some rare "old china" for sale. There is just now quite a mania for ceramics, that are not modern.

O. BRANDRETH, (Montpelier, Vt.) In the language of flowers the fern means "sincerity," the nasturtium "patriotism," and the white lily "purity and modesty."

ONE IN TROUBLE (Germantown.) You should never have employed that nondescript agent, an "accountant." The best advice we can give you is to consult a respectable lawyer, which you should have done in the first place.

W. A. B. (Jamaica, Long Island.)—The author of "The Colleen Bawn" is Mr. Dion Boucicault. "Peep O'Day" was written by Mr. Edmund Falconer. The former piece was first produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, and the second at the Lyceum, in the same city. Your handwriting is fair. Try and make your letters more uniform in size.

UNFORTUNATE.—It is because we sit in the confessional, without knowing who our penitent is, may, or can be, that our advice is so freely sought under particular circumstances, and as honestly given. Our advice to you is either to seek an introduction and ascertain the truth, or banish the matter from your mind. Do not waste precious moments in weeping for the moon.

ELISE WEST, (Scranton, Pa.) Abandon the notion of going on the stage, as you are, probably, not fitted for it, judging from what you say. A special training, a fair education, good looks, and a musical voice, are essential qualifications required to make an actress. There are others, which we need not enumerate. Even, with these advantages, success attends the few, ruin the many.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Grease may be removed from cloth, wool and furs by means of a little soft soap and ox gall dissolved in warm water. The spots of grease or dirt must be first touched with the liquid all over, and then well rubbed with a stiff brush until they are removed; after which they may be well rubbed all over with a sponge dipped in some water, to which the previous mixture and a little more ox-gall have been added.

ELLA M. (Independence, Kas.)—"Will you please give me a recipe for curling the hair, as mine is as straight as a board." Curling the hair is injurious, but if you are dissatisfied with your straight locks, try the following: Take borax two ounces, gum arabic one drachm, and hot water one quart; stir, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. On going to bed, wet the hair with the liquid, and roll it in twists of paper as usual.

BEATRICE MORDAUNT writes:—"My husband has just died, leaving one son. My father-in-law claims a share of my husband's property. Has he any right to any of it, and if so, tell me whether the real or personal. My husband died without making any will." The father of an intestate, who leaves a widow and son, has no claim to any portion of his property, real or personal. The property would descend two-thirds to the son and one-third to the widow. Your father-in-law can claim nothing legally.

A. C. R., (Portland, Me.,) is a young lady of eighteen and is very much annoyed because of an irresistible disposition to blush on all occasions. Involuntary blushing arises from a highly refined organization, a sympathetic action of the brain on the nervous system. The more you go into society, the less you will blush. We know of no better remedy, and as we like to see a young girl, who is capable of blushing, we do not feel disposed to offer obstacles to what is simply the expression of innocence and purity.

ALLIE L., (New Lebanon, Ind.) asks:—"Please tell me through the valuable CORRESPONDENCE of the Post how to bleach cloth." The process of bleaching is performed in the following manner: Mix half a pound of the chloride of lime in six gallons of boiling water, let it remain several days, when the lime will settle at the bottom; then take six pints of cold water and add one gallon of the clear liquid, taking care not to stir up the lime, or it will burn the material to be bleached. Rinse the material in the liquid, and let it remain a few hours, well rinse in cold water afterwards.

ALICE W., (Lexington, Ky.)—"Will you please tell me the origin of the term 'Grass Widow.'" A friend and myself had a discussion concerning it, and I do not feel satisfied with her definition. I looked in Webster's Dictionary, but could not find it." The term "Grass Widow" is now used for a wife temporarily parted from her husband. The term originally was *grace* widow, a widow by courtesy. Lately a different idea has become attached to it. During the California gold fever a man would not unfrequently put his wife and children to board with some family, while he went to the diggings. This he called "putting his wife to grass," as we put a horse to grass, when not wanted, or unfit for work.

BEATRICE, (Mauch Chunk, Pa.) writes:—"I am in a world of trouble. We are very poor, and my husband has recently become insane, and is now in the asylum. He left me almost helpless, and now the landlord threatens to sell out our furniture and all of our things for debt. Has he the power to do so?" In law the goods belong to your husband, and, consequently, may be taken in execution for a debt. Could not you and your landlord come to some arrangement, by which, under the circumstances of your husband being insane, such a cruel proceeding might be defeated? Show him this, and ask him, in the name of noble humanity, to listen to the appeals of suffering humanity.

ARTHUR C., (Davenport, Iowa), writes to know how to preserve the skins of animals. We can only give general instructions. In preserving the skins, so as to retain all the fur upon them in all its natural beauty, hunters take the greatest care in drying them, as soon as flayed from the animal, and they are very cautious in removing every particle of flesh, and excrescence, in order to prevent putrefaction. When the skins are brought home they are steeped and scoured in a bath of water containing salt, alum and bran in proper proportions to form good brine. They are then put into a bath of soapsuds and a little soda, and again dried. The first bath containing the alum taws the skins—a process which renders them white, although different from tanning.

VIRGINIAN asks:—"I would like to know of you if their is not a kind of imitation of Gold jewelry manufactered in or imported to this country and will it wear and look as well as pure Gold with the same care and by what company is it sold?" There are many imitations of gold jewelry sold in all of the large cities, some of them so perfect as to defy detection under ordinary circumstances. Whether or not the imitation will wear well, we cannot say, as we have never used any. Certainly, it will not look as well as pure gold. We are unwilling to give the names of any dealers or manufacturers. You had better consult some jeweller, and let him make inquiries for you. Allow us kindly to suggest that you improve your spelling and study the use of capital letters and punctuation.

LONELY, (Camden, N. J.)—"I am sixteen years of age and am in love with a young man, whom I consider [illegible] My father and [illegible] do not say anything [illegible] I want to know what to [illegible] Neither [illegible] or rebel [illegible] and suffi[illegible] No doubt [illegible] to keep com[illegible] man. They have [illegible] a matter of course, your [illegible] the promptings of your [illegible] of the gentleman to [illegible] attached, you cannot err by [illegible] desire of your parents, as [illegible] are of a proper age to judge. You need not give him up, or [illegible] him, but before you trust yourself, be sure that he is the man, above [illegible] for you, and make him prove that [illegible] worthy of you.

ENQUIRER, (Danville, Va.) writes:—"In reading 'Joshua Haggard's Daughter,' and other English novels in your paper, we frequently find the term Squire or Esquire applied to persons, in a different sense from what we use it in this country. Will you kindly inform me what is the proper meaning?" In ancient times an esquire meant an attendant on a Knight. In the present day, however, the title legally belongs only to the following:—the sons of younger sons of dukes and marquises, younger sons of earls, viscounts and barons, the elder sons of these younger sons, with those of baronets and knights, officers of the Royal household, captains in the army and navy, and all officers above the rank of captain, doctors of law and medicine, barristers, sheriffs of counties, magistrates, while in the commission of the peace, and Royal Academicians. It is customary, however, as a matter of courtesy, to bestow the appellative on all sorts of people who have no right or title to it, just as is done in the United States.